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MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS,

IN

VERSE and PROSE,

Of the Late Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

In THREE VOLUMES.

Consisting of such as were never before Printed in Twelves.

With some Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS of the AUTHOR.

By Mr. TICKELL.

DUBLIN:

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WORKS

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v.1

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE,

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

His MAJESTY's Principal Secretary of State.

DEAR SIR,

Cannot wish that any of my Writings should last longer than the Memory of our Friendship, and therefore I thus publickly bequeathe them to You, in return for the many valuable instances of Your Affection.

 That

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That they may come to You with as little Diſdvantage as poſſible, I have left the care of them to one, whom, by the experience of ſome Years, I know well qualified to anſwer my Intentions. He has already the Honour and Happineſs of being under Your Protection; and, as he will very much ſtand in Need of it, I cannot wiſh him better, than that he may continue to deſerve the Favour and Countenance of ſuch a Patron.

I have no Time to lay out in forming ſuch Compliments, as would but ill ſuit that familiarity between

between us, which was once my greateſt Pleaſure, and will be my greateſt Honour hereafter. Inſtead of them, accept of my hearty Wiſhes, that the great Reputation, You have acquired ſo early, may increaſe more and more: And that you may long ſerve Your Country with thoſe excellent Talents and unblemiſhed Integrity, which have ſo powerfully recommended You to the moſt gracious and amiable Monarch that ever filled a Throne. May the Frankneſs and Generoſity of Your Spirit continue to ſoften and ſubdue Your Enemies, and gain You many Friends, if poſſible, as ſincere as Your ſelf.

When You have found such, they cannot wish you more true Happiness than I, who am, with the greatest Zeal,

DEAR SIR,

Your most Entirely Affectionate Friend,

and Faithful Obedient Servant.

JUNE 4,
1719.

J. ADDISON.

THE PREFACE.

JOSEPH ADDISON, the ſon of *Lancelot Addiſon*, D. D. and of *Jane* the daughter of *Nathaniel Gulſton*, D. D. and ſiſter of Dr. *William Gulſton* Biſhop of *Briſtol*, was born at *Milſton* near *Ambroſebury*, in the county of *Wilts*, in the year 1671. His father, who was of the county of *Weſtmorland*, and educated at *Queen*'s College in *Oxford*, paſſed many years in his travels through *Europe* and *Africa*, where he joined, to the uncommon and excellent talents of nature, a great knowledge of letters and things; of which ſeveral books publiſhed by him are ample teſtimonies. He was Rector of *Milſton* above mentioned, when Mr. *Addiſon* his eldeſt ſon was born: and afterwards became Arch-deacon of *Coventry*, and Dean of *Litchfield*.

Mr. *Addiſon* received his firſt education at the *Chartreux*, from whence he was removed very early to *Queen*'s College in *Oxford*. He had been there about two years, when the accidental ſight of a paper of his verſes, in the hands of Dr. *Lancaſter*, then Dean of that houſe, occaſioned his being elected into *Magdalen* College. He employ'd his firſt years in the ſtudy of the old *Greek* and *Roman*

Roman writers; whose language and manner he caught at that time of life, as strongly as other young people gain a *French* accent, or a genteel air. An early acquaintance with the classics is what may be called the good-breeding of Poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness which never forsakes a mind, that contract it in youth, but is seldom or never hit by those, who would learn it too late. He first distinguished himself by his *Latin* compositions, published in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, and was admired as one of the best authors since the *Augustan* age, in the two Universities, and the greatest part of *Europe*, before he was talked of as a Poet in Town. There is not perhaps any harder task than to tame the natural wildness of wit, and to civilize the fancy. The generality of our old *English* Poets abound in forced conceits, and affected phrases; and even those, who are said to come the nearest to exactness, are but too often fond of unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection. If Mr. *Addison*'s example and precepts be the occasion, that there now begins to be a great demand for correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient models, and familiarised to propriety of thought, and chastity of Stile. Our country owes it to him, that the famous Monsieur *Boileau* first conceived an opinion of the *English* genius for Poetry, by perusing the present he made him of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. It has been currently reported, that this famous *French* Poet, among the civilities he shewed Mr. *Addison* on that occasion, affirmed, that he would not have written against *Perrault*, had he before seen such excellent pieces by a modern hand. Such a saying would have been impertinent and unworthy *Boileau*, whose dispute with *Perrault* turned chiefly upon some passages in the

the ancients, which he rescued from the mis-interpretations of his adversary. The true and natural compliment made by him, was, that those books had given him a very new Idea of the *English* politeness, and that he did not question but there were excellent compositions in the native language of a country, that possessed the *Roman* genius in so eminent a degree.

The first *English* performance made public by him, is a short copy of verses to Mr. *Dryden*, with a view particularly to his translations. This was soon followed by a version of the fourth *Georgic* of *Virgil*, of which Mr. *Dryden* makes very honourable mention, in the postscript to his own translation of all *Virgil*'s works: wherein I have often wondered that he did not, at the same time, acknowledge his obligation to Mr. *Addison*, for giving him *The Essay upon the Georgics*, prefixed to Mr. *Dryden*'s translation. Lest the honour of so exquisite a piece of criticism should hereafter be transferred to a wrong author, I have taken care to insert it in this collection of his works.

Of some other copies of verses, printed in the *Miscellanies*, while he was young, the largest is *An Account of the greatest English Poets*; in the close of which he insinuates a design he then had of going into holy orders, to which he was strongly importuned by his father. His remarkable seriousness and modesty, which might have been urged as powerful reasons for his choosing that life, proved the chief obstacles to it. These qualities, by which the priesthood is so much adorned, represented the duties of it as too weighty for him; and rendered him still the more worthy of that honour, which they made him decline. It is happy that this very circumstance has since turn'd so much to the advantage of virtue and religion, in the cause of which he has

has bestowed his labours the more successfully, as they were his voluntary, not his necessary employment. The world became insensibly reconciled to wisdom and goodness, when they saw them recommended by him with at least as much spirit and elegance, as they had been ridiculed for half a century.

He was in his twenty eighth year, when his inclination to see *France* and *Italy* was incouraged by the great Lord Chancellor *Somers*, one of that kind of patriots, who think it no waste of the public treasure to purchase politeness to their country. The Poem upon one of King *William*'s campaigns, addrest to his Lordship, was received with great humanity, and occasioned a message from him to the author to desire his acquaintance. He soon after obtained, by his interest, a yearly pension of three hundred pounds from the Crown, to support him in his travels. If the uncommonness of a favour, and the distinction of the person who confers it, enhaunce its value: nothing could be more honourable to a young man of learning, than such a bounty from so eminent a patron.

How well Mr. *Addison* answered the expectations of my Lord *Somers*, cannot appear better, than from the book of *Travels* he dedicated to his Lordship at his return. It is not hard to conceive, why that performance was at first but indifferently relished by the bulk of readers; who expected an account, in a common way, of the customs and policies of the several governments in *Italy*, reflexions upon the genius of the people, a map of their provinces, or a measure of their buildings. How were they disappointed, when, instead of such particulars, they were presented only with a journal of poetical travels, with remarks on the present picture of the country, compared with the landskips drawn by classic authors, and

others

others the like unconcerning parts of knowledge! One may easily imagine a reader of plain sense, but without a fine taste, turning over these parts of the volume, which make more than half of it, and wondering, how an author, who seems to have so solid an understanding, when he treats of more weighty subjects in the other pages, should dwell upon such trifles, and give up so much room to matters of meer amusement. There are indeed but few men so fond of the ancients, as to be transported with every little accident, which introduces to their intimate acquaintance. Persons of that cast may here have the satisfaction of seeing annotations upon an old *Roman* poem, gathered from the hills and vallies where it was written. The *Tyber* and the *Po* serve to explain the verses, that were made upon their banks; and the *Alpes* and *Appennines* are made commentators on those authors, to whom they were subjects so many centuries ago. Next to personal conversation with the writers themselves, this is the surest way of coming at their sense: a compendious and engaging kind of criticism, which convinces at first sight, and shews the vanity of conjectures, made by antiquaries at a distance. If the knowledge of polite literature has its use, there is certainly a merit in illustrating the perfect models of it, and the learned world will think some years of a man's life not miss-spent in so elegant an employment. I shall conclude what I had to say on this performance, by observing, that the fame of it increased from year to year, and the demand for copies was so urgent, that their price rose to four or five times the original value, before it came out in a second edition.

The *Letter from Italy* to my Lord *Halifax* may be considered as the text upon which the book of *Travels* is a large comment, and has been esteemed by

by thoſe, who have a reliſh for antiquity, as the moſt exquiſite of his poetical performances. A tranſlation of it by Signor *Salvini*, profeſſor of the *Greek* tongue at *Florence*, is inſerted in this edition, not only on the account of its merit, but becauſe it is the language of the country which is the ſubject of this poem.

The materials for the *Dialogues upon Medals*, now firſt printed from a manuſcript of the Author, were collected in the native country of thoſe Coins. The book it ſelf was begun to be caſt into form at *Vienna*, as appears from a letter to Mr. *Stepney*, then Miniſter at that court, dated in *November* 1702.

Some time before the date of this letter, Mr. *Addiſon* had deſigned to return to *England*, when he received advice from his friends, that he was pitched upon to attend the army under Prince *Eugene*, who had juſt begun the war in *Italy*, as Secretary from His Majeſty. But an account of the death of King *William*, which he met with at *Geneva*, put an end to that thought; and as his hopes of advancement in his own country were fallen with the credit of his friends, who were out of power at the beginning of Her late Majeſty's reign, he had leiſure to make the tour of *Germany* in his way home.

He remained for ſome time, after his return to *England*, without any public employment, which he did not obtain 'till the year 1704, when the Duke of *Marlborough* arrived at the higheſt pitch of glory, by delivering all *Europe* from ſlavery, and furniſhed Mr. *Addiſon* with a ſubject worthy of that genius which appears in his Poem called *The Campaign*. The Lord-Treaſurer *Godolphin*, who was a fine judge of Poetry, had a ſight of this work, when it was only carried on as far as the applauded ſimile of the *Angel*; and approved the Poem, by beſtowing

ſtowing on the Author, in a few days after, the place of Commiſſioner of Appeals, vacant by the removal of the famous Mr. *Locke* to the council of Trade.

His next advancement was to the place of Under-ſecretary, which he held under Sir *Charles Hedges*, and the preſent Earl of *Sunderland*. The Opera of *Roſamond* was written, while he poſſeſſed that employment. What doubts ſoever have been raiſed about the merit of the muſick, which, as the *Italian* taſte at that time begun wholly to prevail, was thought ſufficiently inexcuſable, becauſe it was the compoſition of an *Engliſh-man*; the Poetry of this piece has given as much pleaſure in the cloſet, as others have afforded from the ſtage, with all the aſſiſtance of voices and inſtruments.

The Comedy call'd *the Tender Husband* appeared much about the ſame time, to which Mr. *Addiſon* wrote the Prologue. Sir *Richard Steele* ſurprized him with a very handſome dedication of this play, and has ſince acquainted the public, that he owed ſome of the moſt taking ſcenes of it to Mr. *Addiſon*.

His next ſtep in his fortune, was to the poſt of Secretary under the late Marqueſs of *Wharton*, who was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland* in the year 1709. As I have propoſed to touch but very lightly on thoſe parts of his life, which do not regard him as an Author, I ſhall not enlarge upon the great reputation he acquired by his turn to buſineſs, and his unblemiſhed integrity, in this and other employments. It muſt not be omitted here that the ſalary of the Keeper of the Records in *Ireland* was conſiderably raiſed, and that poſt beſtowed upon him, at this time, as a mark of the Queen's favour. He was in that Kingdom, when he firſt diſcovered Sir *Richard Steele* to be Author of *the Tatler*, by an obſervation upon *Virgil*, which had been by him com-

communicated to his friend. The assistance, he occasionally gave him afterwards in the course of the paper, did not a little contribute to advance its reputation; and, upon the change of the ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in that work, which however was dropt at last, as it had been taken up, without his participation.

In the last paper, which closed those celebrated performances, and in the preface to the last volume, Sir *Richard Steele* has given to Mr. *Addison* the honour of the most applauded pieces in that collection. But as that acknowledgment was delivered only in general terms, without directing the public to the several papers: Mr. *Addison*, who was content with the praise arising from his own works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others, afterwards thought fit to distinguish his writings in the *Spectators* and *Guardians*, by such marks, as might remove the least possibility of mistake in the most undiscerning readers. It was necessary that his share in the *Tatlers* should be adjusted in a complete collection of his works; for which reason Sir *Richard Steele*, in compliance with the request of his deceased friend, delivered to him by the editor, was pleased to mark with his own hand those *Tatlers*, which are inserted in this edition, and even to point out several, in the writing of which they both were concerned.

The plan of the *Spectator*, as far as it regards the feigned person of the Author, and of the several characters that compose his club, was projected in concert with Sir *Richard Steele*. And, because many passages in the course of the work would otherwise be obscure, I have taken leave to insert one single paper, written by Sir *Richard Steele*, wherein those characters are drawn, which may serve

as

as a *Dramatis Personæ*, or as so many pictures for an ornament and explication of the whole. As for the distinct papers, they were never or seldom shown to each other by their respective authors; who fully answered the promise they had made, and far outwent the expectation they had raised, of pursuing their labour in the same spirit and strength, with which it was begun. It would have been impossible for Mr. *Addison*, who made little or no use of letters sent in by the numerous correspondents of the *Spectator*, to have executed his large share of this task, in so exquisite a manner; if he had not ingrafted into it many pieces, that had lain by him in little hints and minutes, which he from time to time colected, and ranged in order, and moulded into the form in which they now appear. Such are the essays upon *Wit*, the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, the *Critique upon Milton*, and some others, which I thought to have connected in a continued Series in this edition, though they were at first published with the interruption of writings on different subjects. But as such a scheme would have obliged me to cut off several graceful introductions and circumstances, peculiarly adapted to the time and occasion of printing them, I durst not pursue that attempt.

The Tragedy of *Cato* appeared in publick in the Year 1713, when the greatest part of the last Act was added by the Author to the foregoing, which he had kept by him for many years. He took up a design of writing a play upon this subject, when he was very young at the University, and even attempted something in it there, though not a line as it now stands. The work was performed by him in his travels, and re-touched in *England*, without any formed resolution of bringing it upon the stage, 'till his friends of the first quality and distinction prevailed

ed with him to put the laſt finiſhing to it, at a time when they thought the doctrine of Liberty very ſeaſonable. It is in every body's memory, with what applauſe it was received by the public; that the firſt run of it laſted for a month; and then ſtopped, only becauſe one of the performers became incapable of acting a principal part. The Author received a meſſage, that the Queen would be pleaſed to have it dedicated to her: but as he had deſigned that compliment elſewhere, he found himſelf obliged by his duty on the one ſide, and his honour on the other, to ſend it into the world without any dedication. The fame of this Tragedy ſoon ſpread through *Europe*, and it has not only been tranſlated, but acted in moſt of the languages of Chriſtendom. The tranſlation of it into *Italian*, by Signor *Salvini*, is very well known; but I have not been able to learn, whether that of Signor *Valetta*, a young *Neapolitan* nobleman, has ever been made public.

If he had found time for the writing of another tragedy, the death of *Socrates* would have been the ſtory. And, however unpromiſing that ſubject may appear, it would be preſumptuous to cenſure his choice, who was ſo famous for raiſing the nobleſt plants from the moſt barren ſoil. It ſerves to ſhew, that he thought the whole labour of ſuch a performance unworthy to be thrown away upon thoſe intrigues and adventures, to which the *Romantic* taſte has confined modern Tragedy; and, after the example of his predeceſſors in *Greece*, would have employed the Drama *to wear out of our minds every thing that is mean or little; to cheriſh and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature; to ſoften inſolence to ſooth affliction, and ſo ſubdue our minds to the diſpenſations of Providence.* * Upon

* SPECTATOR, N°. 39.

Upon the death of the late Queen, the Lords Juſtices, in whom the adminiſtration was lodged, appointed him their Secretary. Soon after His Majeſty's arrival in *Great Britain*, the Earl of *Sunderland* being conſtituted Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*, Mr. *Addiſon* became a ſecond time Secretary for the affairs of that Kingdom; and was made one of the Lords-Commiſſioners of Trade, a little after his Lordſhip reſigned the poſt of Lord Lieutenant.

The paper, called the *Freeholder*, was undertaken at the time, when the rebellion broke out in *Scotland*.

The only works he left behind him for the public, are the *Dialogues upon Medals*, and the Treatiſe upon the *Chriſtian Religion*. Some account has been already given of the former, to which nothing is now to be added, except that a great part of the *Latin* quotations were rendered into *Engliſh*, in a very haſty manner, by the Editor, and one of his friends, who had the good-nature to aſſiſt him, during his avocations of buſineſs. It was thought better to add theſe tranſlations, ſuch as they are, than to let the work come out unintelligible to thoſe who do not poſſeſs the learned languages.

The ſcheme for the Treatiſe upon the *Chriſtian Religion* was formed by the Author, about the end of the late Queen's reign; at which time he carefully peruſed the ancient writings, which furniſh the materials for it. His continual employment in buſineſs prevented him from executing it, 'till he reſigned his office of Secretary of State; and his death put a period to it, when he had imperfectly performed only one half of the deſign; he having propoſed, as appears from the introduction, to add the *Jewiſh* to the Heathen teſtimonies, for the truth of the Chriſtian hiſtory. He was more aſſiduous, than his health would well allow, in the purſuit of this work, and

and had long determined to dedicate his Poetry alſo, for the future, wholly to religious ſubjects.

Soon after he was, from being one of the Lords-Commiſſioners of Trade, advanced to the poſt of Secretary of State, he found his health impaired by the return of that aſthmatic indiſpoſition, which continued often to afflict him during his exerciſe of that employment, and at laſt obliged him to beg His Majeſty's leave to reſign. His freedom from the anxiety of buſineſs ſo far re-eſtabliſhed his health, that his friends began to hope he might laſt for many years; but (whether it were from a life too ſedentary, or from his natural conſtitution, in which was one circumſtance very remarkable, that, from his cradle, he never had a regular pulſe) a long and painful relapſe into an aſthma and dropſie deprived the world of this great man, on the 17th of *June*, 1719. He left behind him only one Daughter, by the Counteſs of *Warwick*, to whom he was married in the year 1716.

Not many days before his death, he gave me directions to collect his writings, and at the ſame time committed to my care the Letter addreſt to Mr. *Craggs* (his ſucceſſor as Secretary of State) wherein he bequeaths them to him, as a token of friendſhip. Such a teſtimony, from the firſt man of our age, in ſuch a point of time, will be perhaps as great and laſting an honour to that gentleman, as any even he could acquire to himſelf; and yet is no more than was due from an affection, that juſtly increaſed towards him, through the intimacy of ſeveral years. I cannot, without the utmoſt tenderneſs, reflect on the kind concern, with which Mr. *Addiſon* left me as a ſort of incumbrance upon this valuable legacy. Nor muſt I deny my ſelf the honour to acknowlege, that the goodneſs of that great man to me, like many other of

of his amiable qualities, seemed not so much to be renewed as continued in his successor; who made me an example, that nothing could be indifferent to him, which came recommended by Mr. *Addison*.

Could any circumstance be more severe to me, while I was executing these last commands of the Author, than to see the Person, to whom his works were presented, cut off in the flower of his age, and carried from the high office wherein he had succeeded Mr. *Addison*, to be laid next him in the same grave! I might dwell upon such thoughts, as naturally rise from these minute resemblances in the fortune of two persons, whose names probably will be seldom mentioned asunder, while either our language or story subsist, were I not afraid of making this preface too tedious; especially since I shall want all the patience of the reader, for having enlarged it with the following verses.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE, the

EARL of *WARWICK*, &c.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to ADDISON *unpaid;*
Blame not her silence, WARWICK, *but bemoan,*
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse, that real Woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By mid-night lamps, the mansions of the dead,

Thro'

Thro' breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rowes of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the ſlow ſolemn knell inſpire;
The pealing organ, and the pauſing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the laſt words, that duſt to duſt convey'd!
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe Tears, thou dear departed friend,
Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And ſleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu!
To ſtrow freſh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy ſacred ſhrine,
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My griefs be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtiſed by thee.

Oft, let me range the gloomy Iſles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And ſaints, who taught, and led the way to heaven.
Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit, or more welcome ſhade.

In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind?

A winged Virtue, *through th' ethereal sky,*
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael *battel'd, and the dragon fell?*
Or, mixt with milder Cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or do'st thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trode before,
'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rouz'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul, which breaths in CATO *there;*

If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of WARWICK's *noble race,*

Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more,
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing,
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And CRAGGS *in death to* ADDISON *succeeds)*
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O CRAGGS, *th' expiring Sage convey'd,*
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor be surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewel.
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

THO. TICKELL.

POEMS

ON

Several OCCASIONS.

To Mr. DRYDEN.

HOW long, great poet, ſhall thy ſacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and tranſcend our praiſe?
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetick heat, and quench thy rage?
Not ſo thy *Ovid* in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his Breaſt, and check'd his riſing thought;
Penſive and ſad, his drooping muſe betrays
The *Roman* genius in its laſt decays.

Prevailing Warmth has ſtill thy mind poſſeſt,
And ſecond youth is kindled in thy breaſt;
Thou mak'ſt the beauties of the *Romans* known,
And *England* boaſts of riches not her own;

Thy lines have heighten'd *Virgil*'s majesty,
And *Horace* wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teacheſt *Perſius* to inform our isle
In smoother Numbers, and a clearer style;
And *Juvenal*, inſtructed in thy page,
Edges his Satyr, and improves his Rage.
Thy copy caſts a fairer light on all,
And ſtill out-ſhines the bright original.

Now *Ovid* boaſts th' advantage of thy ſong,
And tells his ſtory in the *Britiſh* tongue;
Thy charming verſe, and fair tranſlations, ſhow;
How thy own laurel firſt began to grow;
How wild *Lycaon* chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himſelf, ran howling through the Woods.

O mayſt thou ſtill the noble taſk prolong,
Nor age, nor ſickneſs interrupt thy ſong:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and diſſolv'd in ſtreams;
Of thoſe rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How ſome in feathers, or a ragged Hide,
Have liv'd a ſecond life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy *Ovid*, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himſelf can tell.

Magd. Coll. *Oxon*,
June 2. 1693.

The Author's Age 22.

A

POEM

TO HIS

*MAJESTY.

Presented to the Lord-Keeper.

* *King* William. *Printed in the Year* 1695. *The Author's Age*, 24.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *John SOMERS*, *Lord-Keeper* of the Great Seal.

IF yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares,
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a muse unknown:
A muse that in advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain *advanc'd, and* Europe's *peace restor'd,*
By SOMERS' *Counsels, and by* NASSAU's *sword.*

To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the Hero *of my verse reveals*
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd, and battels yet to come.
And well cou'd you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:
But since the state has all your cares engrost,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.

On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love;
If you, well-pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

TO THE

KING.

WHEN now the buſineſs of the field is o'er,
The trumpets ſleep, and cannons ceaſe to roar,
When ev'ry diſmal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battel laid;
Attend, auſpicious *Prince*, and let the muſe
In humble accents milder thoughts infuſe.

Others, in bold prophetick numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My muſe expecting on the *Britiſh* ſtrand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has ſeen thee preſſing on the foe,
When *Europe* was concern'd in ev'ry blow;
But durſt not in Heroick ſtrains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons drown'd her voice:
She ſaw the *Boyne* run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lye beating on the ſhore:
She ſaw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her *Hero* through the duſty plain,
When through the thick embattel'd lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidſt the foes, now loſt in clouds of ſmoke.

O that ſome Muſe, renown'd for lofty verſe,
In daring numbers wou'd thy toils rehearſe!
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day ſweats, and mid-night cares!
But ſtill the God-like man, by ſome hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;

Too

Too late the verſe the mighty act ſucceeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.

A thouſand years in full ſucceſſion ran,
Ere *Virgil* rais'd his voice and ſung the man,
Who, driv'n by ſtreſs of fate, ſuch dangers bore
On ſtormy ſeas, and a diſaſtrous ſhore,
Before he ſettled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.

Troy long had found the *Grecians* bold and fierce,
Ere *Homer* muſter'd up their troops in verſe;
Long had *Achilles* quell'd the *Trojans* luſt,
And laid the labour of the Gods in duſt,
Before the tow'ring muſe began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or ſlaught'ring mortals, or a match for Gods.

And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That ſhall in *WILLIAM*'s God-like acts engage,
And with his battels, warm a future age.
Hibernian fields ſhall here thy conqueſts ſhow,
And *Boyne* be ſung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here *Gallic* labours ſhall advance thy fame,
And here *Seneffe* ſhall wear another name.
Our late poſterity, with ſecret dread,
Shall view thy battels, and with pleaſure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The guiltleſs bullet on thy ſhoulder glanc'd.

The race of *NASSAUS* was by heav'n deſign'd
To curb the proud oppreſſors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry injur'd nation's cauſe,

The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
And as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our *British* youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their father's triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how *Agincourt* was strow'd
With *Gallic* corps, and *Cressi* swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for *WILLIAM* leads the way,
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namure's late terrours and destruction show,
What *WILLIAM*, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
And undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoaking on the ground.

His toils for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but *Europe*'s fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears;
Oppress religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd Justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.

Thus when the forming muse wou'd copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroick worth,

She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smeer'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.

Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty *East*;
Algiers and *Tunis* from their sultry shoar
With horrour hear the *British* engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers wou'd they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The *Gallic* ships are in their Ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the *British* strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage,
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.

Spain's numerous fleet that perisht on our coast,
Cou'd scarce a longer line of battel boast,
The winds cou'd hardly drive 'em to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where-e'er the waves in restless errors rowle,
The Sea lies open now to either pole:
Now may we safely use the *Northern* gales,
And in the *Polar Circle* spread our sails;
Or deep in *Southern* climes, secure from wars,
New Lands explore, and sail by other stars;
Fetch Uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud prince, ambitious *Lewis*, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble *Europe*'s peace;

Think

Think on the Structures which thy pride has raſe'd,
On Towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waſte;
Think on the heaps of corps, and ſtreams of blood;
On every guilty plain, and purple flood,
Thy arms have made, and ceaſe an impious war,
Nor waſte the lives entruſted to thy care.
Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty *NASSAU* through the battel ride,
And ſee thy ſubjects gaſping by his ſide:
Fain wou'd the pious prince refuſe th' alarm,
Fain wou'd he check the Fury of his arm;
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries ſtoln, and captives unreſtor'd,
Give ſtrength to every blow, and edge his ſword.
Behold with what reſiſtleſs force he falls
On towns beſieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Aſk *Villeroy*, for *Villeroy* beheld
The town ſurrender'd and the treaty ſeal'd;
With what amazing ſtrength the forts were won,
Whilſt the whole pow'r of *France* ſtood looking on.

But ſtop not here: behold where *Berkley* ſtands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;
Around thy coaſt his burſting Bombs he pours
On flaming cittadels, and falling tow'rs;
With hizzing ſtreams of fire the air they ſtreak,
And hurl deſtruction round 'em where they break;
The ſkies with long aſcending flames are bright,
And all the ſea reflects a quivering light.

Thus *Ætna*, when in fierce Eruptions broke,
Fills Heav'n with aſhes, and the earth with ſmoke;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten ſtones and ſcatter'd cinders fly:

Its fury reaches the remoteſt coaſt,
And ſtrows the *Aſiatick* ſhore with duſt.

Now does the ſailor from the neighbouring main
Look after *Gallic* towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can deſcry,
But ſees a long unmeaſur'd ruine lie;
Whilſt, pointing to the naked ccaſt, he ſhows
His wond'ring mates where towns and ſteeples roſe,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And ſingles out the place where once St. *Maloes* ſtood.

Here *Ruſſel*'s actions ſhould my muſe require;
And wou'd my ſtrength but ſecond my deſire,
I'd all his boundleſs bravery rehearſe,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verſe;
High on the deck ſhou'd the great leader ſtand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like *Homer*'s *Hector* when he flung his fire
Amidſt a thouſand ſhips, and made all *Greece* retire.

But who can run the *Britiſh* triumphs o'er,
And count the Flames diſperſt on ev'ry ſhore?
Who can deſcribe the ſcatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from ſea to ſea?
Elſe who cou'd *Ormond*'s God-like acts refuſe,
Ormond the theme of ev'ry *Oxford* muſe?
Fain wou'd I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chaſe of fame,
Through all the noiſe and hurry of the fight,
Obſerve each blow, and keep him ſtill in ſight.
Oh, did our *Britiſh* Peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great fore-fathers won!
Our arms wou'd then triumphantly advance,
Nor *Henry* be the laſt that conquer'd *France*.

What

What might not *England* hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In *WILLIAM*'s stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of *Gallic* policy o'er-throw,
And blast the counsels of the common foe;
Direct our armies and distribute right,
And render our *MARIA*'s loss more light.

But stop, my muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear,
MARIA's name still wounds each *British* ear:
Each *British* heart *MARIA* still does wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
MARIA still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

But see, at length, the *British* ships appear!
Our *NASSAU* comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty prince, desir'd of *Britain*, come!
May Heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which such confusion and amazement strook
Through *Gallic* hosts: but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thy eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a-while forget the trumpet's sound;
Well-pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
And steeds o'er-turn'd lay foaming on the ground:
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming joys, and peaceful blessings flow.

A Tran-

A Translation of all

VIRGIL'S *Fourth Georgick*,

Except the Story of ARISTÆUS.

ETHERIAL sweets shall next my muse engage,
And this, *Mecænas*, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wond'rous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great *Apollo* and the tuneful nine
Join in the piece to make the work divine.

First, for your bees a proper station find,
That's senc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
To trample under foot the springing flowers;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass:
Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the swallow harbour near.
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
And shallow rills run trickling through the grass;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,

Refreshing

Refreshing springs may tempt 'em from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
With store of sav'ry scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.

Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
The Bees of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling cranies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew whose clinging drops,
Like pitch or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes,
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd;
But let no baleful eugh-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd ——

When

When th' under-world is feiz'd with cold and night,
And ſummer here deſcends in ſtreams of light,
The Bees thro' woods and foreſts take their flight.
They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly ſkim
The chryſtal brook, and ſip the running ſtream;
And thus they feed their young with ſtrange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the ſlimy ſweet.
But when on high you ſee the Bees repair,
Born on the winds thro' diſtant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackning from afar;
While ſhady coverts, and freſh ſtreams they chuſe,
Milfoil and common Honey-ſuckles bruiſe,
And ſprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen veſſels beat a tinkling ſound,
And ſhake the cymbals of the goddeſs round;
Then all will haſtily retreat, and fill
The warm reſounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the ſtate,
The peoples actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarſe broken ſounds, like trumpets' harſh alarms,
Run thro' the hive, and call 'em to their arms;
All in a hurry ſpread their ſhiv'ring wings,
And ſit their claws, and point their angry ſtings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:
At laſt, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair
They ruſh together out, and join the air;
Swarms thick, and echo's with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluſter mix, and ſtrow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-ſtones from the floor rebound,
Or ſhaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No ſenſe of danger can their kings controul,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty ſoul:

Each

Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
'Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.
This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay,

But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different; one of better note
All speckt with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease, and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are different as their king's,
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.
The first are best———
From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets that mingling in the glass
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flow'ry banks entice 'em to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
Where carv'd *Priapus* has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.

Wild

Wild Thyme and Pine-trees from their barren hill
Tranſplant, and nurſe 'em in the neighbouring ſoil,
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy ſloth,
But water 'em, and urge their ſhady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And ſtriking ſail, and making to the ſhore,
I'd ſhew what art the Gardner's toils require,
Why roſy *Pæſtum* bluſhes twice a year;
What ſtreams the verdant ſuccory ſupply,
And how the thirſty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a chearful green does parſley grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twiſted graſs:
Nor wou'd I paſs the ſoft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the ſhore;
Nor daffadils, that late from earth's ſlow womb
Unrumple their ſwoln buds, and ſhow their yellow bloom.

For once I ſaw in the *Tarentine* vale,
Where ſlow *Galeſus* drencht the waſhy ſoil,
An old *Corician* yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor paſture grac'd the field,
Nor wou'd the vine her purple harveſt yield;
But ſav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lillies whiten'd all the ground.
Bleſt with theſe riches he cou'd empires ſlight,
And when he reſted from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties wou'd afford,
And his own garden furniſh out his board:
The ſpring did firſt his opening roſes blow,
Firſt ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burſt the brittle ſtone,
And freezing rivers ſtiffen'd as they run,
He then wou'd prune the tender'ſt of his trees,
Chide the late ſpring, and lingring weſtern breeze:

His

His bees firſt ſwarm'd, and made his veſſels ſoam
With the rich ſqueezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindons and the ſappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flow'rs his ſmiling orchard dreſt,
As many bloſſoms as the ſpring cou'd ſhow,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And ſpreading plane-trees, where ſupinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the ſhade.
But theſe for want of room I muſt omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which *Jove* himſelf did on the bees confer;
Becauſe, invited by the timbrel's ſound,
Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found
And the young god nurſt kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
Theſe only make their young their publick care:
In well-diſpos'd ſocieties they live,
And laws and ſtatutes regulate their hive;
Nor ſtray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know ſet-ſtations, and a fix'd abode:
Each provident of cold in ſummer flies
Thro' fields and woods, to ſeek for new ſupplies,
And in the common ſtock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, ſome in the meadows ply,
Taſte ev'ry bud, and ſuck each bloſſom dry;
Whilſt others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper *Narciſſus*' clammy tears with gum,
For the firſt ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raiſe
The yellow fabrick on his glewy baſe.
Some educate the young, or hatch the ſeed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;

Whilſt others thicken all the ſlimy dews,
And into pureſt honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and ſwell
With luſcious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heav'ns, and ſearch the clouded ſkies
To find out breeding ſtorms, and tell what tempeſts riſe.
By turns they eaſe the loaden ſwarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy inſect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And ſtrong with Thyme the new-made honey ſmells.

So in their caves the brawny *Cyclops* ſweat,
When with huge ſtrokes the ſtubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unſhapen thunder-bolt compleat;
Alternately their hammers riſe and fall;
Whilſt griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows ſome the flames increaſe,
And ſome in waters dip the hiſſing maſs;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully reſound,
And *Ætna* ſhakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.

Thus, if great things we may with ſmall compare,
The buſie ſwarms their different labours ſhare.
Deſire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged inſects, by experience wiſe,
Attend the comb, and faſhion ev'ry part,
And ſhape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows ſpoils.
On lavender, and ſaffron buds they feed,
On bending oſiers, and the balmy reed,
From purple violets and the teile they bring.
Their gather'd ſweets, and rifle all the ſpring.

All work together, all together reſt,
The morning ſtill renews their labours paſt;

Then

Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew;
Again when evening warns 'em to their home,
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsie hum.
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds or storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journies, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring;
And lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast,
They carry stones to poise 'em in their flight,
As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most;
That none will *Hymen*'s softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all along virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they chuse out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state;
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journies, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lye
Grov'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.
Thus love of honey can infect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by re-peopling their decaying state,
Tho' seven short springs conclude their vital date,

Their

Their ancient ſtocks eternally remain,
And in an endleſs race the childrens children reign.

No proſtrate vaſſal of the eaſt can more
With ſlaviſh fear his haughty prince adore;
His life unites 'em all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and diſtractions riſe;
They waſte their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confuſion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cauſe embattled in the air,
Purſue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from ſuch inſtances as theſe have taught
" The bees extract is heav'nly; for they thought
" The univerſe alive; and that a ſoul,
" Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
" To all the vaſt unbounded frame was giv'n,
" And ran thro' earth, and air, and ſea, and all the deep of heav'n;
" That this firſt kindled life in man and beaſt,
" Life that again flows into this at laſt.
" That no compounded animal could die,
" But when diſſolv'd, the ſpirit mounted high,
" Dwelt in a ſtar, and ſettled in the ſky.

When-e'er their balmy ſweets you mean to ſeize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathſome cloud of ſmoak amidſt their hive.

Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harveſt in;
Once when the lovely *Pleiades* ariſe,
And add freſh luſtre to the ſummer ſkies;

And

And once when haſt'ning from the watry ſign
They quit their ſtation, and forbear to ſhine.

The bees are prone to rage, and often found,
To periſh for revenge, and die upon the wound.
Their venom'd ſting produces aking pains,
And ſwells the fleſh, and ſhoots among the veins.

When firſt a cold hard winter's ſtorms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their ſinking ſtate and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Freſh burning Thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and huſky wax away;
For often Lizards ſeize the luſcious ſpoils,
Or drones that riot on another's toils:
Of broods of moths infeſt the hungry ſwarms,
And oft the furious waſp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or elſe the ſpider at their entrance ſets
Her ſnares, and ſpins her bowels into nets.

When ſickneſs reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new diſeaſe is ſeen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their funeral rights are form'd, and ev'ry bee
With grief attends the ſad ſolemnity;
The few diſeas'd ſurvivors hang before
Their ſickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or ſlowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums, the feeble inſects grieve,
And doleful buzzes eccho thro' the hive,
Like winds that ſoftly murmur thro' the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring ſeas.

Now

Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;
To these dry'd roses, time and centry join,
And raisins ripen'd on the *Pythian* vine.
Besides there grows a flow'r in marshy ground
Its name *Amellus*, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews it self in leaves:
The flow'r it self is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where *Mella*'s stream in watry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
In wine, and heap up 'em up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' *Arcadian* shepherd's name so far.
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where th' *Egyptians* yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where *Persia* borders, and the roling *Nile*
Drives swiftly down the swarthy *Indians* soil,
'Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens *Egypt* with a fruitful slime:

In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.

First then a close contracted space of ground,
With straighten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Thro' these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two years growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on ev'ry side,
'Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
When dead they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, Thyme, and Cassia, strow'd around.
All this is done when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are dress't.
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are seen
A wond'rous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful carcass pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer-show'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the *Parthian* bows,
When twanging strings first shoot 'em on the foes.

Thus

Thus have I sung the nature of the bee;
While *Cæsar*, tow'ring to divinity;
The frighted *Indians* with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god;
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my *Tityrus* beneath his shade.

A SONG. *For St.* CECILIA's *Day at* Oxford.

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious saint, and see,
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy god, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all *Cecilia*'s praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright *Cecilia*'s name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise.

Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In ſoaring trebles now it riſes high,
And now it ſinks, and dwells upon the baſe.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we ſing,
The work of ev'ry ſkillful tongue,
The ſound of ev'ry trembling ſtring,
The ſound and triumph of our ſong.

III.

For ever conſecrate the day,
To muſick and *Cecilia*;
Muſick the greateſt good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below
Muſick can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unſuſpected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with ſecret art.
When *Orpheus* ſtrikes the trembling lyre,
The ſtreams ſtand ſtill, the ſtones admire;
The liſt'ning ſavages advance,
The wolf and Lamb around him trip,
The bears in aukward meaſures leap,
And tygers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And *Rhodope* was left without a ſhade.

IV.

Muſick religious heats inſpires
It wakes the ſoul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with ſublime deſires,
And fits it to beſpeak the deity.
Th' almighty liſtens to a tuneful tongue,
And ſeems well-pleas'd and courted with a ſong.
Soft moving ſounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.

When

When time it self shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Musick shall then exert its pow'r,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day,
To Musick and *Cecilia.*
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

An Account of the greatest English POETS.

To Mr. *Henry Sacheverell*, *April* 3. 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry, *you will needs request*
A short account of all the muse possest,
That down from Chaucer's *days to* Dryden's *times,*
Have spent their noble rage in British *rhimes;*
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,

I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And show their verses worth, tho' not my own

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;
'Till *Chaucer* first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhime, and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old *Spenser* next, warm'd with poetick rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where-e'er the poets fancy led, pursu'd
Thro' pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystick tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lyes too plain below.
We view well pleas'd at distance all the fights
Of arms and palfries, battels, fields and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landschape fades away.

Great *Cowley* then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'er-flows the heav'ns with one continu'd light;

That

That not a single star can shew his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess:
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd *Pindar* to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler (flight.

Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise:
Blest man! who now shalt be for ever known,
In *Sprat*'s successful labours and thy own.

But *Milton* next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestick numbers walks;
No vulgar heroe can his muse engage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upward springs, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' almighty thunderer in arms.
What-e'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst ev'ry verse array'd in majesty,
Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critick's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!

With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view thy first gay scenes of *Paradise*;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness.
Or had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserv'd applause!
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, tho' serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly *Waller* next commands thy lays:
Muse tune thy verse, with art, to *Waller*'s praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire;
So long shall *Waller*'s strains our passion move,
And *Sacharissa*'s beauties kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flatt'ring song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
Thy verse can show ev'n *Cromwell*'s innocence,
And compliment the storms that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great *NASSAU* on the *British* throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had *Boin*'s wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if *Maria*'s charms thou wou'dst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And *Gloriana* wou'd have seem'd more fair.

Nor

Nor must *Roscommon* pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry:
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of criticks, and of poets too.
Nor, *Denham*, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While *Cooper's Hill* commands the neighb'ring plains.

But see where artful *Dryden* next appears
Grown old in rhime, but charming ev'n in years.
Great *Dryden* next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes.
Her heroe pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our *English* poetry,
That long has flourish'd, shou'd decay with thee;
Did not the muses other hope appear,
Harmonious *Congreve*, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And *Dryden*'s muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhiming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble *Montague* remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To *Dorset* he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as *Dorset*'s self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How *NASSAU*'s god-like acts adorn his lines,
And all the heroe in full glory shines!

We see his army set in just array,
And *Boin*'s dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor *Simois* choak'd with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid *Xanthus*' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now to *NASSAU*'s secret councils rais'd,
He aids the heroe, whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now dear Friend, *receive*
The last poor present that my muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise 'em with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewel.

LET-

LETTERA SCRITTA *D'ITALIA*

AL MOLTO ONORABILE

CARLO Conte *HALIFAX.*

Dal Signore GIUSEPPE ADDISON *l'Anno* MDCCI. *In Versi Ingleſi.*

E TRADOTTA IN VERSI TOSCANI.*

Salve magne parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.

MENTRE, Signor, l'ombre villeſche attraggonvi,
E di Britannia *dagli Ufici toltovi*
Non piu, ch' a ſuoi ingrati Figli piaccia
Per lor vantaggio, voſtro ozio immolate;
Me in eſteri Regni il Fato invia
Entro genti feconde in carmi eterni,
U la dolce ſtagion, e'l vago Clima
Fanno, che voſtra quiete in verſio io turbi.

Ovunque io giri i miei rapiti lumi,
Scene auree, liete, e chiare viſte inalzanſi,
Attornianmi Poetiche Campagne,
Parmi ognor di calcar claſſico ſuolo;
Sì ſovente ivi Muſa accordò l'Arpa,
Che non cantato niun colle ſorgevi,
Celebre in verſi ivi ogni pianta creſce,
E in celeſte armonia ciaſcun rio corre.

Come

* *By the Abbot* Anton. Maria Salvini *Greek Profeſſor at* Florence.

A

LETTER from *ITALY*,

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

In the Year MDCCI.

Salve magne parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
Virg. Geor. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from *Britannia*'s public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhime.

For whereso'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How

Come mi giova a cercar poggi, e boschi
Per chiare fonti, e celebrati fiumi,
Alla Nera veder fiera in suo corso
Tracciar Clitumno chiaro in sua sorgente,
Veder condur sua schiera d' acque il Mincio
Per lunghi giri di feconda ripa,
E d' Albula canuta il guado infetto
Suo caldo letto di fumante solfo.

Di mille estasi acceso io sopraveggio
Correre il Po per praterie fiorite
De Fiumi Re, che sovra i pian scorrendo,
Le torreggianti Alpi in natia muraglia
Della metà di loro umore asciuga:
Superbo, e gonfio dell' hiberne nevi
L' abbondanza comparte ov' egli corre.

Talor smarrito dal drappel sonoro
I rii rimiro immortalati in canto,
Che giacciuosi in silenzio, e obblio perduti,
(Muti i lor fonti son, secche lor vene)
Pur, per senno di Muse, ei son perenni,
Lor mormorio perenne in tersi carmi.

Talora al gentil Tebro io mi ritiro,
Le vote ripe del gran Fiume ammiro,
Che privo di poter suo corso tragge
D'una gretta urna, e sterile sorgente;
Pur suona ei nelle bocche de Poeti,
Sicche 'l miro al Danubio, e al Nil far scorno;
Così Musa immortale in alto il leva.
Tal' era il Boin povero, ignobil fiume,
Che nelle Hiberne valli oscuro errava,
E inosservato in suoi giri scherzava.
Quando per Vostri Versi, e per la Spada
Di Nassò, rinomato, l' onde sue
Levate in alto pel mondo risuonan,

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his source,
To see the *Mincio* draw his watry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary *Albula*'s infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoaking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The towering *Alps* of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lye,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for-ever by the muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* surveys;
So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
Such was the *Boyn*, a poor inglorious stream,
That in *Hibernian* vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild *Meander*'s play'd;
'Till by your lines and *Nassau*'s sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,

Where-

Ovunque dello Eroe le divin' opre,
E ove andrà fama d'immortal verso.

Oh l'estatico mio petto inspirasse
Musa con un furor simile al vostro!
Infinite bellezze avria 'l mio verso,
Cederia di Virgilio a quel l'Italia.

Mira quali auree selve attorno ridonmi,
Che della tempestosa di Britannia
Isola si ne schivano la costa,
O trapiantate, e con pensier guardate
Maledicon la fredda Regione,
E nell, aria del Norte illanguidiscono.
Calor dolor il montante umor ne lievita
A nobil gustie, e piu esaltati odori.
Rozze ancor rupi molle mirto menano
Ricco profumo, peste erbette olezzano.
Portimi un Dio di Baia a i gentil Seggi,
O ne verdi ritiri d' Uubria traggami,
Ove i Ponenti eterna han residenza,
Tutte stagioni lor pompa profondono,
Germogli, e frutti, e fiori insieme allegano,
E in gaia confusion sta l' anno tutto.

Glorie immortali in mia mente rivivono,
Combatton nel cuor mio ben mille affetti,
Allorache di Roma l' esaltate
Belezze giu giacersi io ne discuopro,
Magnificenti in Moli di ruine.
D' Anfiteatro una stupenda altezza
Di terror mi riempie, e di diletto,
Che Roma ne suoi pubblici spettacoli
Dispopolava, e Nazioni intere
Agiatamente in suo grembo capia.
Passanvi i Ciel Colonne aspre d' intaglio,
Di Trionfo superbi Archi là sorgono,

Where e'er the heroe's god-like acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verſe.

Oh cou'd the muſe my raviſh'd breaſt inſpire
With warmth like yours, and raiſe an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verſe ſhou'd ſhine,
And *Virgil*'s *Italy* ſhou'd yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me ſmile,
That ſhun the coaſt of *Britain*'s ſtormy Iſle,
Or when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler taſtes, and more exalted ſcents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me ſome god, to *Baia*'s gentle ſeats,
Or cover me in *Umbria*'s green retreats;
Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the ſeaſons laviſh all their pride:
Bloſſoms, and fruits, and flowers together riſe,
And the whole year in gay confuſion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my ſoul a thouſand paſſions ſtrive,
When *Rome*'s exalted beauties I deſcry
Magnificent in piles of ruine lye.
An amphitheater's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on it's publick ſhows unpeopled *Rome*,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with ſculpture pierce the ſkies:
And here the proud triumphal arches riſe,

Where

U de prischi Roman l' immortal' opre
Dispiegate alla vista ognor rinfacciano
La vile loro traligната stirpe.
Qui tutti i fiumi lascian giu lor piani,
Per aerei condotti in alto corrono.

Sempre a novelle Scene mia vagante
Musa sì si ritragge, e muta ammira
L' alto spettacol d' animate Rupi,
Ove mostrò scalpel tutta sua forza,
Ed in carne addolcì scabroso sasso.
In solenne silenzio, in maestade
Eroi stannosi, e Dei, e Roman Consoli.
Torvi Tiranni in crudeltà famosi,
E imperadori in Pario Marmo acciglianst;
Mentre Dame brillanti, a cui con umile
Servitù stan sogetti, ognora mostrano
I vezzi, che gli altieri cuor domaro.

Volentieri io vorria di Raffaele
Contar l'arte divina, e far vedere
Gl' immortali lavori nel mio verso.
La' ve da mista forza d'ombre, e luce
Nuova creazion sorge a mia vista,
Tai celesti figure escon da suo
Pennello, e i mesticati suoi colori
Caldi di vita così ne sfavillano,
Di soggetto in soggetto, d'un segreto
Piacer preso, e infiammato attorno io giro
Tra la soave varietà perduto.
Mio strabilito spirito qua confondono
Arie vezzose in circolanti note.
Passeggianti, e in sonori labirinti.
Cupole, e Templi s' alzan la in distanti
Vedute, ed in Palagi aperti, ed ampli
A celebrargli invitano la Musa.

Where the old *Romans* deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow

Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestick band,
Heroes, and gods, and *Roman* consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in *Parian* marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain wou'd I *Raphael*'s godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure toss't,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravisht soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my muse.

How

Come indulgente Cielo adornò mai
La fortunata terra, e sovra quella
Versò benedizioni a piena mano!
Ma che vaglion le lor dovizie eterne,
Fioriti monti, e soleggiate rive
Con tutti don, che Cielo, e Suol compartono,
I risi di Natura, e i vezzi d' Arte,
Mentre altiera Oppression regna in sue Valli,
E Tirannia suoi Pian felici usurpa?
Il povreo Abitante mira indarno
Il rosseggiante Arancio, e 'l pingue Grano,
Crescer dolente ei mira ed oli, e vini,
E de mirti odorar l'ombra si sdegna,
In mezzo alla Bontà della Natura
Maledetto languisce, e dentro a cariche
Di vino vigne muere per la sete.

O Libertà, o Dea Celeste, e Bella!
Di ben profusa, e pregna di diletto
Piaceri eterni te presente regnano.
Guida tuo gaio tren lieta dovizia
Vien nel suo peso Saggezion piu lieve;
Povertà sembra allegra in tua veduta;
Fai di Natura il viso oscuro gaio;
Doni al Sole bellezza, al giorno gioia.

Te Dea, te la Britannia Isola adora,
Come ha sovente ella ogni ben suo esausto,
E spesso t'ha di morte in campi cerco!
Niuno pensa il tuo possente pregio
A troppo caro prezzo esser comprato.
Puo sopri esteri monti il Sole i grappoli
Per dolce sugo maturare a vino;
Di boschi di cedrati ornare il suolo,
Gonfiar la grassa oliva in flutti d' olio;

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her vallies reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning Orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the Myrtles fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty, thou Goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks chearful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, *Britannia*'s isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat Olive swell with floods of oil:

We

Non invidiamo il più fervente Clima
Dell' Etere più dolce in dieci gradi;
Di nostro Ciel maledizion non duolmi,
Ne a Noi in capo Pleiadi ghiacciate,
Corona Libertà la Britann' Isola,
E fa sue sterili bianche rupi ridere.

Le torreggianti Moli altrui dilettino,
E le superbe ambiziose Cupole,
Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare,
Od insegnar Sassi animati a vivere.
D' Europa sul destin vegliar Brittannia
Ha cura, e bilanciar gli Emuli Stati;
Di guerra minacciare arditi Regi
Degli afflitti Vicini udire i preghi.
Dano, e Sveco attaccati in fiere Allarme
Di lor armi pietose benedicono
La prudente Condotta, e 'l buon Governo.
Tosto che poi le nostre Flotte appaiono,
Cessano tutti i lor spaventi, e in Pace
Tutto il Settentrional Mondo si giace.

L'ambizioso Gallo con segreto
Tremito vede all' aspirante sua
Testa mirar di lei il Gran Tonante,
E volentieri i suoi divini Figli
Vorrebbe disuniti per straniero
Oro, o pur per domestica contesa.
Ma acquistare, o dividere in van provasi,
Cui l'arme di Nassò, e'l senno guida.

Del nome acceso, cui sovente ho trovo
Remoti Climi, e lingue risonare,
Con pena imbriglio mia lottante Musa,
Che ama lanciarsi in più ardita prova.

Ma

We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen *Pleiads* shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns *Britannia*'s isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains (smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis *Britain*'s care to watch o'er *Europe*'s fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms:
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestick spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom *Nassau*'s arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But

Ma io di già hovvi turbato assai
Ne tentar oso un piu sublime Canto.
Più dolce Thema il basso verso chiedemi,
Fioriti prati, o gorgoglianti rivi,
Mal proprio per gli Eroi: che i Carmi eterni
Qual di Virgilio, o Vostri onorar debbono.

But I've already troubled you too long
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like *Virgil's*, or like yours, shou'd praise.

Milton's *Style imitated, in a Translation of a Story out of the Third* ÆNEID.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
We stuck upon the coast where *Ætna* lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incenst, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.

'Tis said, that thunder-struck *Enceladus*
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight
Lyes stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And *Etna* thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd it self to *Cynthia*'s silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night

From

From earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclos'd:
When looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sate in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a *Greek*.

He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and *Trojan* arms, in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: " By heav'n's eternal fires,
" By ev'ry God that sits enthron'd on high,
" By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
" And bear me hence to any distant shore,
" So I may shun this savage race accurst.
" 'Tis true I fought among the *Greeks* that late
" With sword and fire o'erturn'd *Neptunian Troy*,
" And laid the labour of the Gods in dust;
" For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
" Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lye
" Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
" Let man inflict it, and I die well-pleas'd.

He ended here, and now profuse of tears
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet:
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;
When, thus encouraged, he began his tale.

I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
Is *Achæmenides*, my country *Greece*,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who whilst he fled
The raging *Cyclops*, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant *Polypheme*'s dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling *Greeks*, in either hand a man;
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dasht and broke 'em on the grundsil edge;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell'd and heav'd it self amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less mean-while
Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretcht at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charged
With purple wine and cruddled gore confused.
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dext'rously apply'd,
Which in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round gelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays;
Fly, mortals, fly this curst detested race:

A hundred of the ſame ſtupendous ſize,
A hundred *Cyclops* live among the hills,
Gigantick brotherhood, that ſtalk along
With horrid ſtrides o'er the high mountains tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft ſeen 'em as they paſt,
Sculking and ſcowring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the Moon waſh'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obſcure ſojourn,
The realms of night inglorious, ſince I've liv'd
Amidſt theſe woods, gleaning from thorns and ſhrubs
A wretched ſuſtenance. As thus he ſpoke,
We ſaw deſcending from a neighb'ring hill
Blind *Polypheme*; by weary ſteps and ſlow
The groping giant with a trunk of Pine
Explor'd his way; around, his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known ſhore
He bent his courſe, and on the margin ſtood,
A hideous monſter, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midſt of his high front there gap'd
The ſpacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghaſtly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And waſh'd away the ſtrings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then ſtalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmaſt wave
Scarce reaches up his middle ſide; we ſtood
Amaz'd be ſure, a ſudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
'Till uſing all the force of winds and oars
We ſped away; he heard us in our courſe,
And with his out-ſtretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous ſhouts that all the ocean ſhook.
Ev'n *Italy*, tho' many a league remote,
In diſtant echo's anſwer'd; *Ætna* roar'd,
Through all its inmoſt winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the ſound, the mighty family
Of one ey'd brothers haſten to the ſhore,
And gather round the bellowing *Polypheme*,
A dire aſſembly: we with eager haſte
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A hoſt of giants covering all the ſhore.

So ſtands a foreſt tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidſt the boughs, and at a diſtance ſees
The ſhady tops of trees unnumber'd riſe,
A ſtately proſpect, waving in the clouds.

THE

CAMPAIGN,

A

POEM,

To His GRACE, the

Duke of *MARLBOROUGH.*

———*Rheni pacator et Istri:*
Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori
Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint. Liv. Hist. lib. 33.

THE
CAMPAIGN,
A
POEM.

WHILE crouds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enroll your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And *ANNA*'s praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great leader, what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view,
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year,
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An iliad rising out of one campaign.
The haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,
Pirene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their *Alpes* and *Appenines* in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hill secur'd;

The rising *Danube* its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great *Leopold* himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd and half abandon'd to despair
His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To *Britain*'s Queen the Nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In *ANNA*'s councils, and in CHURCHILL's arms.
Thrice happy *Britain*, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy tyes:
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a publick voice,
By show'rs of blessings heaven approves their choice;
Envy it self is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most,

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
'Till the *Moselle*, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*; But

But now a purchase to the sword she lyes,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts
Hope'd, when they saw *Britannia*'s arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our god-like leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maese*,
Between whose floods, such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the heroe's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of *Europe*, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues:
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
'Till on the borders of the *Maine* he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
Our *British* youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their Queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,

That

That chearfully its labours paſt forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er proſtrate towns and palaces they paſs,
(Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in graſs)
Breathing revenge; whilſt anger and diſdain
Fire ev'ry breaſt, and boil in ev'ry vein:
Here ſhatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilſt here the Vine o'er hills of ruine climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal great *Bourbon*'s crimes.

At length the fame of *England*'s heroe drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendſhip burn;
A ſudden friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Poliſh'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conqueſt, and in council ſkill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting ſpirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the ſoul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reaſon, and by reaſon cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle ſhown:
To ſouls like theſe, in mutual friendſhip join'd,
Heaven dares entruſt the cauſe of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful ſons appear in arms,
Her harras'd troops the heroe's preſence warms,
Whilſt the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of *Britiſh* ſhouts reſound:
Doubling their ſpeed they march with freſh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.

So

So the ſtanch hound the trembling deer purſues,
And ſmells his footſteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the ſcent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he ſhoots away
On his full ſtretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are paſt,
Th' immortal SCHELLENBERG appears at laſt:
Like hills th' aſpiring ramparts riſe on high,
Like vallies at their feet the trenches lye;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal paſs,
Threat'ning deſtruction; rows of hollow braſs,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilſt in their wombs ten thouſand thunders ſleep:
Great CHURCHILL owns, charm'd with the glorious ſight,
His march o'er-paid by ſuch a promis'd fight.

The Weſtern ſun now ſhot a feeble ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the remains of day,
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hoſts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning cloſe!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The cloſe compacted *Britons* win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war deface'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waſte;
Still preſſing forward to the fight they broke,
Through flames of ſulphur, and a night of ſmoke,
'Till ſlaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hoſts engage;
The battel kindled into tenfold rage

With

With show'rs of bullets and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury ; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lye.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom !
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where *Britons* never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame ! O glorious heat
Only destructive to the brave and great !
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on *Bavarian* ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear :
While MALBRÔ lives *Britannia*'s stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed
Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed ;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crouds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose ;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate :
Thou livest not for thy self; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands ;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And *Europe*'s destiny depends on thine.

At length the long disputed pass they gain,
By crouded armies fortify'd in vain:

The

The war breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
And ſee their camp with *Britiſh* legions fill'd.
So *Belgian* mounds bear on their ſhatter'd ſides
The ſea's whole weight encreas'd with ſwelling tides;
But if the ruſhing wave a paſſage finds,
Enraged by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peaſant ſees his country round
Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd.

The few ſurviving foes diſperſt in flight,
(Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry ruſsling wind the victor hear,
And MARLBRO's form in ev'ry ſhadow fear,
'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their diſgrace.

To *Donawert*, with unreſiſted force,
The gay victorious army bends its courſe.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever ſpoils *Bavaria*'s ſummer yields,
(The *Danube*'s great increaſe) *Britannia* ſhares,
The food of armies, and ſupport of wars:
With magazines of death, deſtructive balls,
And cannons doom'd to batter *Landau*'s walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluding prince! how is thy greatneſs croſt,
And all the gaudy dream of empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for ſhelter from the *Rhine*,
Nor find it there: ſurrounded with alarms,
Thou hope'ſt th' aſſiſtance of the *Gallic* arms;

The

The *Gallic* arms in ſafety ſhall advance,
And crowd thy ſtandards with the power of *France*,
While to exalt thy doom, th' aſpiring *Gaul*
Shares thy deſtruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compaſſion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man compleat.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he ſtrove in vain;
'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing wrath, and gives a looſe to war.
In vengeance rous'd the ſoldier fills his hand
With ſword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thouſand villages to aſhes turns,
In crackling flames a thouſand harveſts burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common ſhade partake,
And cries of infants ſound in ev'ry brake:
The liſt'ning ſoldier fixt in ſorrow ſtands,
Loth to obey his leader's juſt commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity ſway'd,
To ſee his juſt commands ſo well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far
In ſhriller clangors animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller conſort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud ſtandards, to *Bavaria*'s join'd,
Unfurl their gilded Lillies in the wind;
The daring Prince his blaſted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled hoſt he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his ſtrength.

The

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that providence assail'd,
And *ANNA*'s ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
The day was come when heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can *British* minds controul:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul
O'er-look the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:
Tho' fens and floods possest the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop *Britannia*'s bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battel join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battel rise.
'Twas then great MARBRÔ's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,

Amidst

Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battel where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleas'd th' almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirl-wind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty houshold troops advance!
The dread of *Europe*, and the pride of *France*.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the *British* spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave
The meanest *Briton* scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warriour burns,
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lye,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd dye,
O *Dormer*, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lye unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with *England*'s glory, smiles in death.

The

The rout begins, the *Gallic* squadrons run,
Compell'd in crouds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousand of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the *Danube*'s bloody whirl-pools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant *Soane*,
Or sounding borders of the rapid *Rhône*,
Or where the *Siene* her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the *Loire* thro' winding vineyards glides;
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into *Scythian* seas their bloated corps convey.
From *Blenheim*'s tow'rs, the *Gaul*, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard!* oh who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thy self in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An *English* muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distrest! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away
Only the second honours of the day.

With

With floods of gore that from the vanquisht fell
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lye heap'd upon the ground,
Or, midst the roarings of the *Danube* drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to compleat
MARLBRO's great work, and finish the defeat.

From *Memminghen*'s high domes, and *Ausburg*'s walls,
The distant battel drives th' insulting *Gauls*,
Free'd by the terror of the victor's name
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst *Ulme* th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of *Europe* turns on its event.
What distant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword:
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,
To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swoln *Rhine* rushing with all its force
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,

On

On *Gallia*'s side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled has he try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And, tho' the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fixt on the glorious action he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats:
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of MARLBRO's sword, and *Hocstet*'s fatal plain:
In vain *Britannia*'s mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from a-far, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the god-like man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,

Such

Such easie greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And *Nereus* shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of almighty *Rome*
(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom
That *Cytherea*'s fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by MARLBO'S presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On *Landau* with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the Hero's sight.

The *British* chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,

To *Belgian* coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the *Rhine* pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And *Tarbach* feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While MARLBO presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great *Louis* fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,

The

The work of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of *ANNA*'s royal cares:
By her, *Britannia*, great in foreign wars,
Ranges thro' nations, whereso'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd *Ister*'s states are free,
And taste the sweets of *English* liberty;
But who can tell the joys of those that lye
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
Like heav'n's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest

Thus wou'd I fain *Britannia*'s wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from the oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the Hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
MARLBRO's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most.

ROSA-

ROSAMOND.

AN

OPERA.

Inſcrib'd to her GRACE, The

Dutcheſs of *MARLBOROUGH.*

Hic quos durus Amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant Calles, et Myrtea circùm
Sylva tegit.

VIRG. Æn. 6.

A Copy of VERSES in the sixth Miscellany,

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF

ROSAMOND.

——————— *Ne forte pudori*
Sit tibi Musa Lyræ solers, et Cantor Apollo.

By Mr. TICKELL.

THE opera *first* Italian *masters taught,*
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought.
Britannia's *learned theatre disdains*
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well tun'd, and sweet stupidity.

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, *but as* Virgil *strong.*
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And musick borrows helps, she us'd to give.
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans *knew,*
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new;

Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easie sound.

Landschapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
The babling sounds that mimick echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze,
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium *to one view confin'd!*
No further could imagination roam,
'Till Vanbrook *fram'd, and* Malbro' *rais'd the dome.*

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair:
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring swains complain)
Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spight of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy transport fair Rosamond's *shade,*
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's *ghost she roves,*
And hears and tells the story of their loves,
Alike th y mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great,
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a VIRGIL *and an* ADDISON.

Accept.

Accept, great monarch of the Britiſh *lays,*
The tribute ſong an humble ſubject pays.
So tries the artleſs Lark her early flight,
And ſoars, to hail the god of verſe, and light.
Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels ſhade thy envy'd name.
Thy name, the boaſt of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the ſtrings of ev'ry lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels correſponding joys or ſorrows riſe,
And views thy Roſamond *with* Henry's *eyes.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

King *Henry*.

Sir *Truſty*, Keeper of the Bower.

Page.

Meſſenger.

WOMEN.

Queen *Elinor*.

Roſamond.

Grideline, Wife to Sir *Truſty*.

Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE *Woodſtock Park*.

ROSAMOND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Prospect of Woodstock-Park, *terminating in the Bower.*

Enter QUEEN *and* PAGE.

QUEEN.

WHAT place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where-e'er I turn my eyes.
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft *Elysiums* rise:
Flow'ry mountains,
Mossie fountains,
Shady woods,
Chrystal floods,
With wild variety surprise.
* *As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,*
An hundred echo's round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is tost,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single word is lost. *Page.*

* *Alluding to the famous Echo in* Woodstock Park.

Page. There gentle *Rosamond* immured
Lives from the world and you secured.

Queen. Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousie.—— [*Aside.*

Page. There does the pensive beauty mourn,
And languish for her lord's return.

Queen. Death and confusion! I'm too slow—— [*Aside.*
Show me the happy, mansion show————

Page. Great *Henry* there————

Queen. Trifler, no more!————

Page. ——— Great *Henry* there
Will soon forget the toils of war.

Queen. No more the happy mansion show
That holds this lovely guilty foe.
My wrath, like that of heav'n, shall rise,
And blast her in her Paradise.

Page. *Behold on yonder rising ground*
The bower, that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades in shades,
Running an eternal round.

Queen. In such an endless maze I rove,
Lost in labyrinths of love.
My breast with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring soul by turns.

Page. The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the soft confinement guides.

Queen. Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!
———— Does she not warm with guilty fires
The faithless lord of my desires? Have

Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My *Henry* from my arms?
'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She shall die, she shall die.
I feel, I feel my heart relent:
How could the fair be innocent!
To a monarch like mine,
Who would not resign!
One so great and so brave
All hearts must enslave.

Page. Hark! what sound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.
He comes, victorious Henry *comes!*
Hautboys, trumpets, fifes and drums,
In dreadful concert join'd,
Send from afar
A sound of war,
And fills with horror ev'ry wind.

Queen. *Henry* returns from danger free!
Henry returns!——————but not to me.
He comes his *Rosamond* to greet,
And lays his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew;
His vows to *Eleonora* due.
Here shall the happy nymph detain,
(While of his absence I complain)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.
No, no, 'tis decreed
The traitress shall bleed;
No fear shall alarm,
No pity disarm;
In my rage shall be seen
The revenge of a Queen.

SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

Sir *TRUSTY*, Knight of the Bower, *solus*.

How unhappy is he,
That is ty'd to a she,
And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are so jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our duty.
But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;
Whence rises this convulsive strife?
I smell a shrew!
My fears are true,
I see my wife.

SCENE III.

GRIDELINE *and Sir* TRUSTY.

Grid. Faithless varlet, art thou there?
Sir *Trus.* My love, my dove, my charming fair!
Grid. Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know.
Sir *Trus.* Why wilt thou call thy turtle so?
Grid. Cheat not me with false caresses.
Sir *Trus.* Let me stop thy mouth with kisses.
Grid. Those to fair *Rosamond* are due.
Sir *Trus.* She is not half so fair as you.
Grid. She views thee with a lover's eye.
Sir *Trus.* I'll still be thine, and let her die.
Grid. No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I see,
Traitor to thy king and me!
Sir Trus. O Gridiline! *consult thy glass,*
Behold that sweet bewitching face,

Those

Thoſe blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!
Ev'ry feature
(Charming creature)
Will convince you I am true.
Grid. *Oh how bleſt were* Grideline,
Could I call Sir Truſty *mine!*
Did he not cover amorous wiles
With ſoft, but ah! deceiving ſmiles:
How ſhould I revel in delight,
The ſpouſe of ſuch a peerleſs knight!
Sir *Truſ.* At length the ſtorm begins to ceaſe,
I've ſooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannize: [*Aſide.*
I feel, I feel my fury riſe!
Tigreſs, be gone.
Grid. ——— I love thee ſo
I cannot go.
Sir *Truſ.* Fly from my paſſion, Beldame, fly!
Grid. Why ſo unkind, Sir *Truſty* why?
Sir *Truſ.* Thou'rt the plague of my life.
Grid. I'm a fooliſh, fond Wife.
Sir *Truſ.* Let us part,
Let us part.
Grid. Will you break my poor heart?
Will you break my poor heart?
Sir *Truſ.* I will if I can.
Grid. O barbarous man!
From whence doth all this paſſion flow?
Sir Truſ. *Thou art ugly and old,*
And a villanous ſcold.
Grid. *Thou art a ruſtick to call me ſo.*
I'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villanous ſcold,
But thou art a ruſtick to call me ſo.
Thou, Traitor, adieu!

Sir Truſ.

Sir Truſ. *Farewel, thou ſhrew!*
Grid. Thou Traitor,
Sir Truſ. *Thou ſhrew.*
Both. *Adieu! adieu!* [Exit *Grid.*

Sir *Truſty*, ſolus.

How hard is our fate,
Who ſerve in the ſtate,
And ſhould lay out our cares
On publick Affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family-broils
Make all our great labours miſcarry!
Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair *Roſamond*'s bower,
With the clew in his power,
And is courted by all
Both the great and the ſmall,
As principal pimp to the mighty king *Harry*.
But ſee, the penſive fair draws near:
I'll at a diſtance ſtand and hear.

SCENE IV.

ROSAMOND *and Sir* TRUSTY.

Roſ. From walk to walk, from ſhade to ſhade,
From ſtream to purling ſtream convey'd,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of grief and full of love.
Impatient for my lord's return
I ſigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.

Was ever paſſion croſs'd like mine?
To rend my breaſt,
And break my reſt,
A thouſand thouſand ills combine.
Abſence wounds me,
Fear ſurrounds me,
Guilt confound me,
Was ever paſſion croſs'd like mine?
Sir *Truſ.* What heart of ſtone
Can hear her moan,
And not in dumps ſo doleful join! [*Apart.*
Roſ. How does my conſtant grief deface
The pleaſures of this happy place!
In vain the ſpring my ſenſes greets
In all her colours, all her ſweets;
To me the roſe
No longer glows,
Ev'ry plant
Has loſt its ſcent:
The vernal blooms of various hue,
The bloſſoms freſh with morning dew,
The breeze, that ſweeps theſe fragrant bowers,
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,
Purple ſcenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,
(Nature's ſofteſt, ſweeteſt ſtore)
Charm my tortur'd ſoul no more.
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die:
Why ſo ſlow! great Henry, *why!*
From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms,
Fly to my Arms, my monarch fly!

Sir *Truſ.*

Sir *Truſ.* How much more bleſs'd would lovers be,
Did all the whining fools agree
To live like *Grideline* and me! [*Apart.*

Roſ. O *Roſamond*, behold too late,
And tremble at thy future fate!
Curſe this unhappy, guilty face,
Every charm, and every grace,
That to thy ruin made their way,
And led thy innocence aſtray:
At home thou ſeeſt thy queen enrag'd,
Abroad thy abſent lord engag'd
In wars that may our loves disjoin,
And end at once his life and mine.

Sir *Truſ.* Such cold complaints befit a nun:
If ſhe turns honeſt, I'm undone! [*Apart.*

Roſ. *Beneath ſome hoary mountain*
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near ſome warbling fountain
Bewail my ſelf aſleep;
Where feather'd choirs combining
With gentle murm'ring ſtreams,
And winds in conſort joining,
Raiſe ſadly-pleaſing dreams.

[*Exit* Roſamond.

Sir *Truſty* ſolus.

What ſavage tyger would not pity
A damſel ſo diſtreſs'd and pretty!
But hah! a ſound my bower invades,

Trumpets flouriſh.

And echo's through the winding ſhades;
'Tis *Henry*'s march! the tune I know:
A meſſenger! it muſt be ſo.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A MESSENGER *and Sir* TRUSTY.

Meſ. Great *Henry* comes! with love oppreſt;
Prepare to logde the royal gueſt.
From purple fields with ſlaughter ſpread,
From rivers choak'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with ſpoils,
Great *Henry* comes! prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conqueror.
Sir *T.* The bower and lady both are dreſt,
And ready to receive their gueſt.
Meſ. Hither the victor flies, (his queen
And royal progeny unſeen;
Soon as the *Britiſh* ſhores he reached,
Hither his foaming courſer ſtretched:
And ſee! his eager ſteps prevent
The meſſage that himſelf hath ſent!
Sir *T.* Here will I ſtand
With hat in hand,
Obſequiouſly to meet him,
And muſt endeavour
At behaviour,
That's ſuitable to greet him.

SCENE VI.

Enter King Henry *after a flouriſh of Trumpets.*

King. Where is my love! my *Roſamond!*
Sir *T.* Firſt, as in ſtricteſt duty bound,
I kiſs your royal hand,
King. Where is my life! my *Roſamond.*
Sir *T.* Next with ſubmiſſion moſt profound.
I welcome you to land.
King. Where is the tender charming fair!

Sir *T.* Let me appear, great Sir, I pay,
Methodical in what I ſay.
King. Where is my love, O tell me where!
Sir *T.* For when we have a prince's ear,
We ſhould have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to ſpeak, and him to hear.
King. Theſe dull delays I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where!
Sir *T.* I ſpeak, great Sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! ſhe faints, ſhe dies.
King. What doſt thou ſay? I ſhake with fear.
Sir *T.* Nay good my liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.
King. *Was ever Nymph like* Roſamond,
So fair, ſo faithful, and ſo fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace!
I'm all deſire!
My heart's on fire,
And leaps and ſprings to her embrace.
Sir *T.* At the ſight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.
What place will you chuſe
For firſt interviews?
King. Full in the center of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where woodbines, roſes, jeſſamines,
Amaranths, and eglantines,
With intermingling ſweets have wove
The particolour'd gay alcove.
Sir. *T.* Your highneſs, Sir, as I preſume,
Has choſe the moſt convenient gloom;
There's not a ſpot in all the park
Has trees ſo thick, and ſhades ſo dark.

King.

King. Mean-while with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate;
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor love-sick jealousie appear;
Nor senseless pomp, nor noise intrude
On this delicious solitude;
But pleasure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish,
When we love, and when we languish!
Wishes rising!
Thought surprizing
Pleasure courting!
Charms transporting!
Fancy viewing
Joys ensuing!
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish! [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.

KING *and* ROSAMOND.

KING.

THUS let my weary soul forget
Restless glory, martial strife,
Anxious pleasures of the great,
And gilded cares of life.
Ros. Thus let me lose, in rising joys,
Fierce impatience, fond desires,
Absence that flatt'ring hope destroys,
And life-consuming fires.
King. Not the loud *British* shout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor clashing arms,

Nor

Nor fields with hoſtile banners ſtrow'd,
Nor life on proſtrate *Gauls* beſtow'd,
Give half the joys that fill my breaſt,
While with my *Roſamond* I'm bleſt.
Roſ. My *Henry* is my ſoul's delight,
My wiſh by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The ſecret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror ſurvey,
And look my very ſoul away.
King. O may the preſent bliſs endure,
From fortune, time, and death ſecure!
Both. *O may the preſent bliſs endure!*
King. My eye cou'd ever gaze, my ear
Thoſe gentle ſounds cou'd ever hear:
But oh! with noon-day heats oppreſt,
My aking temples call for reſt!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreſhing ſlumbers I'll invite,
Then ſeek again my abſent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear. [*Exit* King.
Roſa. ſola. From whence this ſad preſaging fear,
This ſudden ſigh, this falling tear?
Oft in my ſilent dreams by night
With ſuch a look I've ſeen him fly,
Wafted by angels to the ſky,
And loſt in endleſs tracks of light;
While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and diſmal deſarts born,
Through lonely wilds have ſeem'd to ſtray,
A long, uncomfortable way.

They're fantoms all; I'll think no more:
My life has endleſs joys in ſtore.
Farewel ſorrow, farewel fear,
They're fantoms all! my Henry's *here.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Poſtern Gate of the Bower.

GRIDELINE *and* PAGE.

Grid. My ſtomach ſwells with ſecret ſpight,
To ſee my fickle faithleſs knight,
With upright geſture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charm'd the ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,
On a meer girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born,
When I did town and court adorn.

Page. Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable *Grideline?*

Grid. He does my child; or tell me why,
With weeping eyes ſo oft I ſpy
His whiſkers curl'd, and ſhoe-ſtrings ty'd,
A new toledo by his ſide,
In ſhoulder-belt ſo trimly plac'd,
With band ſo nicely ſmooth'd and lac'd.

Page. If *Roſamond* his garb has view'd,
The knight is falſe, the nymph ſubdu'd.

Grid. My anxious boding heart divines
His falſhood by a thouſand ſigns:
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the fooliſh echo talks;
Oft in the glaſs he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond eaſie heart beguiles,
And thinks of *Roſamond* and ſmiles.

Page. Well may you feel theſe ſoft alarms,
She has a heart ———

Grid. ———And he has charms.

Page. Your fears are too juſt———

Grid.

Grid. ————Too plainly I've prov'd
Both. *He loves and is lov'd.*
Grid. *O mercileſs fate!*
Page. *Deplorable ſtate!*
Grid. *To die*————
Page. *To be ſlain.*
Grid. *By a barbarous ſwain,*
Both. *That laughs at your pain.*
Grid. How ſhou'd I act? canſt thou adviſe?
Page. Open the gate, if you are wiſe;
I, in an unſuſpected hour,
May catch 'em dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their looſe amours prevent,
And keep Sir *Truſty* innocent.
Grid. Thou art in truth
A forward youth.
Of wit and parts above thy age;
Thou know'ſt our ſex. Thou art a Page.
Page. I'll do what I can
To ſurprize the falſe man.
Grid Of ſuch a faithful ſpy I've need: *
Go in, and if thy plot ſucceed,
Fair youth, thou may'ſt depend on this,
I'll pay thy ſervice with a kiſs. [*Exit* Page.
Grid. ſola. *Pr'ythee* Cupid *no more*
Hurl thy darts at threeſcore,
To thy girls and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys,
Let Sir Truſty *and me*
From thy frolicks be free. [Ex. *Grid.*

SCENE

* *An opening Scene diſcovers another view of the Bower.*

SCENE III.

PAGE *solus.*

O the soft delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new!
Greens of various shades arise,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dies:
Paths by meeting paths are croft,
Alleys in winding alleys lost;
Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolness to the passing breeze.
A thousand fairy scenes appear,
Here a grove, a grotto here,
Here a rock, and here a stream.
Sweet delusion,
Gay confusion,
All a vision, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

QUEEN *and* PAGE.

Queen. At length the bow'ry vaults appear!
My bosom heaves, and pants with fear;
A thousand checks my heart controul,
A thousand terrours shake my soul.
Page. Behold the brazen gate unbar'd:
——She's fixt in thought, I am not heard—— [*Apart.*
Queen. I see, I see my hands embru'd
In purple streams of reeking blood:
I see the victim gasp for breath,
And start in agonies of death:
I see my raging dying Lord,
And O, I see my self abhorr'd!
Page. My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear *Britannia*'s Queen lament. [*Aside.*
Queen. What shall my trembling soul pursue?
Page, Behold, great queen, the place in view!

Queen.

Queen. Ye pow'rs inſtruct me what to do!
Page. That Bow'r will ſhow
The guilty foe.
Queen. —It is decreed — it ſhall be ſo; [*After a Pauſe.*
I cannot ſee my Lord repine
(O that I cou'd call him mine!)
Why have not they moſt charms to move,
Whoſe boſoms burn with pureſt love!
Page. Her heart with rage and fondneſs glows,
O jealouſie! thou hell of woes! [*Aſide.*
That conſcious ſcene of love contains
The fatal cauſe of all your pains:
In yonder flow'ry vale ſhe lies,
Where thoſe fair bloſſom'd arbours riſe.
Queen. Let us haſte to deſtroy
Her guilt and her joy.
Wild and frantick is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy ſtriving,
Heaven in pity ſend relief!
The pangs of love
Ye pow'rs remove,
Or dart your thunder at my head:
Love and deſpair
What heart can bear?
Eaſe my ſoul, or ſtrike me dead! [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The Scene changes to the Pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND *ſola.*

Tranſporting pleaſure! who can tell it!
When our longing eyes diſcover
The kind, the dear, approaching lover,
Who can utter, or conceal it!
A ſudden motion ſhakes the grove:
I hear the ſteps of him I love;

Prepare,

Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss!
———Death to my eyes; what sight is this!
The Queen, th' offended Queen I see!
———Open, O earth! and swallow me!

SCENE VI.

Enter to her the QUEEN *with a Bowl in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other.*

Queen. Thus arm'd with double death I come:
Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!
Thy crimes to their full period tend,
And soon by This, or This shall end.

Ros. What shall I say, or how reply
To threats of injur'd Majesty?

Queen. 'Tis guilt that does thy tongue controul,
Or quickly drain the fatal Bowl,
Or this right hand performs its part,
And plants a Dagger in thy heart.

Ros. Can *Britain*'s queen give such commands,
Or dip in blood those sacred hands?
In her shall such revenge be seen?
Far be that from *Britain*'s queen!

Queen. How black does my design appear?
Was ever mercy so severe! [*Aside.*

Ros. *When tides of youthful blood run high,*
And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,
Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!

Queen. To those whom foul dishonours stain,
Life it self should be a pain.

Ros. Who could resist great *Henry*'s charms,
And drive the hero from her arms?
Think on the soft, the tender fires,
Melting thoughts, and gay desires,
That in your own warm bosom rise,
When languishing with love-sick eyes, That

That great, that charming man you see:
Think on your self, and pity me!

Queen. And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore!
[*Offering the Dagger to her Breast.*
Presumptuous woman! plead no more!

Ros. O queen, your lifted arm restrain!
Behold these tears!

Queen. —— They flow in vain.

Ros. Look with compassion on my fate!
O hear my sighs!

Queen. —— They rise too late.
Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

Ros. Tho' I live wretched, let me live.
In some deep dungeon let me lye,
Cover'd from ev'ry human eye,
Banish'd the day, debarr'd the light;
Where shades of everlasting night
May this unhappy face disarm,
And cast a veil o'er ev'ry charm:
Offended heaven I'll there adore,
Nor see the Sun, nor *Henry* more.

Queen. *Moving language, shining tears,*
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and assuage. [*Aside.*

Ros. What shall I do to pacifie
Your kindled vengeance?

Queen. —— Thou shalt die. [*Offering the Dagger.*

Ros. Give me but one short moment's stay.
—— O *Henry*, why so far away? [*Aside.*

Queen. Prepare to welter in a flood
Of streaming gore. [*Offering the Dagger.*

Ros. —— O spare my blood,
And let me grasp the deadly bowl,
[*Takes the Bowl in her Hand.*

Queen. Ye pow'rs how pity rends my soul! [*Aside.*

Ros.

Roſ. Thus proſtrate at your feet I fall.
O let me ſtill for mercy call! [*Falling on her knees.*
Accept, great Queen, like injur'd heaven,
The ſoul that begs to be forgiven:
If in the lateſt gaſp of breath,
If in the dreadful pains of death,
When the cold damp bedews your brow,
You hope for mercy, ſhow it now.

Queen. Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death ſhall thine purſue. [*Offering the dagger.*

Roſ. Thus I prevent the fatal blow [*Drinks.*
——Whether, ah! whether ſhall I go!

Queen. Where thy paſt life thou ſhalt lament,
And wiſh thou had'ſt been innocent.

Roſ. Tyrant! to aggravate the ſtroke,
And wound a heart, already broke!
My dying ſoul with fury burns,
And ſlighted grief to madneſs turns.
Think not, thou author of my woe,
That Roſamond *will leave thee ſo:*
At dead of night,
A glaring ſpright,
With hideous ſcreams
I'll haunt thy dreams;
And when the painful night withdraws,
My Henry *ſhall revenge my cauſe.*
O whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.
My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
The weary ſprings of life ſtand ſtill;
The ſleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I'm no more. [*Falls on the couch.*

Queen. Here and obſerve your queen's commands.
[*To her Attendants.*
Beneath thoſe hills a convent ſtands,
Where the fam'd ſtreams of *Iſis* ſtray;
Thither the breathleſs coarſe convey,

And bid the cloister'd maids with care
The due solemnites prepare. [*Exeunt with the Body.*
When vanquish'd foes beneath us lye
How great it is to bid them Die!
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquish'd foe to live!

SCENE VII.

Sir TRUSTY *in a Fright.*

A breathless corps! what have I seen!
And follow'd by the jealous queen!
It must be she! my fears are true:
The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
How can the fam'd Sir *Trusty* live
To hear his master chide and grieve?
No! tho' I hate such bitter beer
Fair *Rosamond*, I'll pledge thee here. [*Drinks.*
The king this doleful news shall read
In lines of my inditing:
" *Great Sir,* [*Writes.*
" Your *Rosamond* is dead
" As I am at this present writing.
The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,
The labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The thickets dance ——— *I stretch, I yawn.*
Death has tripp'd up my heels ——— *I'm gone.*
[Staggers and falls.

SCENE VIII.

QUEEN *sola.*

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And *Rosamond* shall charm no more.
Hence ye secret damps of care,
Fierce disdain, and cold despair,

Hence

Hence ye fears and doubts remove;
Hence grief and hate!
Ye pains that wait
On jealousie, the rage of love.
My Henry *shall be mine alone,*
The heroe shall be all my own;
Nobler joys possess my heart
Than crowns and scepters can impart.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Grotto,* HENRY *asleep, a cloud descends, in it two Angels suppos'd to be the Guardian Spirits of the* British *Kings in War and Peace.*

1 *ANGEL.*

BEHOLD th' unhappy Monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!
2 *Angel.* In fields of death around his head
A shield of Adamant I spread.
1 *Angel.* In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the *British* throne.
2 *Angel.* When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed heroe rage,
The cleaving fauchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.
1 *Angel.* When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th' ambitious to rebel,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.
Both. But oh what influence can remove
The pangs of grief, and rage of love!
2 *Angel.* I'll fire his soul with mighty themes,
'Till love before Ambition fly.

1 *Angel.* I'll sooth his cares in pleasing dreams,
'Till grief in joyful raptures die.
2 Angel. *Whatever glorious and renown'd*
In British *annals can be found;*
Whatever actions shall adorn
Britannia's *heroes, yet unborn,*
In dreadful visions shall succeed;
On fancy'd fields the Gaul *shall bleed,*
Cressy *shall stand before his eyes,*
And Agincourt *and* Blenheim *rise.*
1 *Angel.* See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
And shakes a visionary lance,
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms;
Shouting armies, clashing arms,
The softer prints of love deface;
And trumpets sound in ev'ry trace.
Both. *Glory strives!*
The field is won!
Fame revives,
And love is gone.
1 *Angel.* To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,
Look up and see
What, after long revolving years,
Thy Bower shall be!
When time its beauties shall deface,
And only with its ruins grace
The future prospect of the place.
Behold the glorious pile ascending! *
Columns swelling, arches bending,
Domes in awful pomp arsing,
Art in curious strokes surprizing,
Foes in figur'd fights contending,
Behold the glorious pile ascending!
2 *Angel.* He sees, he sees the great reward
For *Anna*'s mighty chief prepar'd:

His

* *Scene changes to the Plan of* Blenheim *Castle.*

His growing joys no measure keep,
Too vehement and fierce for sleep.

1 Angel. *Let grief and love at once engage,*
His heart is proof to all their pain;
Love may plead———

2 Angel.———*And grief may rage———*

Both. *But both shall plead and rage in vain.*

[The Angels ascend, and the vision disappears.

HENRY, *starting from the Couch.*

Where have my ravish'd senses been!
What joys, what wonders have I seen!
The Scene yet stands before my eye,
A thousand glorious deeds that lye
In deep futurity obscure,
Fights and triumphs immature,
Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
Ripening for mighty years to come,
Break forth, and, to the day display'd
My soft inglorious hours upbraid.
Transported with so bright a scheme,
My waking life appears a dream.
Adieu, ye wanton shades and bowers,
Wreaths of myrtle, beds of flowers,
Rosie brakes,
Silver lakes,
To love and you
A long adieu!
O *Rosamond!* O rising woe!
Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?
O *Rosamond!* O fair distress'd!
How shall my heart, with grief oppress'd,
Its unrelenting purpose tell;
And take the long, the last farewel!
Rise, Glory, rise in all thy charms,
Thy waving crest, and burnish'd arms,

Spread thy gilded banners round,
Make thy thundering courser bound,
Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my soul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer love will ask them all. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to that part of the Bower where Sir Trusty *lies upon the ground, with the Bowl and Dagger on the Table.*

Enter QUEEN.

Every star, and every pow'r,
Look down on this important hour:
Lend your protection and defence
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my *Henry* to asswage,
To gain his love, or bear his rage.
Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Ha'st thou more of pain or pleasure!
Chill'd with tears,
Kill'd with fears,
Endless torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee:
But oh the sight my soul alarms:
My Lord appears, I'm all on fire!
Why am I banish'd from his arms?
My heart's too full, I must retire.
[*Retires to the end of the Stage.*

SCENE III.

KING *and* QUEEN.

King, Some dreadful birth of fate is near:
Or why, my soul, unus'd to fear,

With

With secret horror dost thou shake?
Can Dreams such dire impressions make!
What means this solemn, silent show?
This pomp of death, this scene of woe!
Support me, heaven! what's this I read?
Oh horror! *Rosamond is dead.*
What shall I say, or whither turn?
With grief, and rage, and love, I burn:
From thought to thought my soul is tost,
And in the whirle of passion lost.
Why did I not in battel fall,
Crush'd by the thunder of the *Gaul?*
Why did the spear my bosom miss?
Ye pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this!

Distracted with woe
I'll rush on the foe
To seek my relief:
The sword or the dart
Shall pierce my sad heart,
And finish my grief!

Queen. Fain wou'd my tongue his grief appease,
And give his tortur'd bosom ease. [*Aside.*

King. But see the cause of all my fears,
The source of all my grief appears!
No unexpected guest is here.
The fatal bowl
Inform'd my soul
Eleonora was too near.

Queen. Why do I here my Lord receive?

King. Is this the welcome that you give?

Queen. Thus shou'd divided lovers meet?

Both. *And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!*

Queen. What in these guilty shades cou'd you,
Inglorious conqueror, pursue?

King. Cruel woman, what cou'd you?

Queen. Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.

King. The thirst of blood has yours possess'd,

Queen.

Queen. *A heart so unrepenting,*
King. *A rage so unrelenting.*
Both. *Will for ever*
Love dissever.
Will for ever break our rest.
King. Floods of sorrow will I shed
To mourn the lovely shade!
My *Rosamond*, alas, is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!
So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
Did ever nymph disclose!
The lilly was not half so fair,
Nor half so sweet the rose.
Queen. How is his heart with anguish torn! [*Aside.*
My Lord, I cannot see you mourn;
The living you lament: while I,
To be lamented so, cou'd Die.
King. The living! speak, oh speak again!
Why will you dally with my pain?
Queen. Were your lov'd *Rosamond* alive,
Wou'd not my former wrongs revive?
King. Oh no; by visions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and free'd from love,
I came to take my last adieu.
Queen. How am I bless'd if this be true! [*Aside.*
King. And leave th' unhappy nymph for you.
But O! ——————
Queen. Forbear, my Lord, to grieve,
And know your *Rosamond* does live.
If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease?
When his passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.
King. O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!

My

My impatience forgive,
Do *Rosamond* live?

Queen. The bowl, with drowsie juices fill'd,
From cold *Egyptian* drugs distil'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes:
But soon the waking nymph shall rise,
And in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloister'd walls and virgin choire:
With them in songs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu.

King. How am I blest if this be true! [*Aside.*

Queen. Atoning for her self and you.

King. I ask no more! secure the fair
In life and bliss: I ask not where:
For ever from my fancy fled
May the whole world believe her dead,
That no foul minister of vice
Again my sinking soul intice
Its broken passion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.

Queen. How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise,
Tho' distant ages, yet unborn,
Fair *Rosamond* shall falsly mourn;
And with the present times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise!
But see your slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the Potion shall survive
Believe your *Rosamond* alive.

King. O happy day! O pleasing view!
My Queen forgives———

Queen. ——My Lord is true.

King. *No more I'll change,*
Queen. *No more I'll grieve:*
Both. *But ever thus united live.*

Sir Trusty *awaking.*

In which world am I! all I see,
Ev'ry thicket, bush and tree,
So like the place from whence I came,
That one would swear it were the same.
My former legs too, by their pace!
And by the Whiskers, 'tis my face!
The self-same habit, garb and mien!
They ne'er wou'd bury me in green.

SCENE IV.

GRIDELINE *and Sir* TRUSTY.

Grid. Have I then liv'd to see this hour,
And took thee in the very bow'r?

Sir. *T.* Widow *Trusty*, why so fine?
Why dost thou thus in colours shine?
Thou shou'dst thy husband's death bewail
In Sable vesture, peak and veil

Grid. Forbear these foolish freaks, and see
How our good king and queen agree.
Why shou'd not we their steps pursue,
And do as our superiors do?

Sir *T.* Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear or what I see,
But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,
It suits a person in my station
T' observe the mode, and be in fashion.
Then let not *Grideline* the chaste
Offended be for what is past,
And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous knight.

Grid.

Grid. I'll to my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis so courtly to be true.
Since conjugal passion
Is come into fashion,
And marriage so blest on the throne is,
Like a Venus *I'll shine,*
Be fond and be fine,
And Sir Trusty *shall be my* Adonis.
Sir T. *And Sir* Trusty *shall be thy* Adonis,

The KING *and* QUEEN *advancing.*

King. Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?
Hymen, thou source of chaste delights,
Chearful days, and blissful nights,
Thou dost untainted joys dispence,
And pleasure join with innocence:
Thy raptures last, and are sincere
From future grief and present fear.
Both. *Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,*
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?

PROLOGUE

To the TENDER HUSBAND. *

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

IN the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
No single Character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.

But now our *British* Theatre can boast
Droles of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and citts, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;
Rough-country knights are found of every shire;
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the Pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long e'er they find the necessary spark,
They search the Town, and beat about the Park
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court;
As love of pleasure, or of place invites:
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at *White*'s.
Howe'er,

* *A Comedy written by Sir* Richard Steele.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And wo'n't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night:
———Here's still encouragement for those that write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play;
And that there may be something gay, and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view:
The first a damsel, travell'd in Romance;
The t'other more refin'd; she comes from *France:*
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger;
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

EPILOGUE

To the BRITISH ENCHANTERS. *

WHEN *Orpheus* tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of magick is to musick join'd:
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage *Urganda* wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,

The

* *A Dramatick Poem written by the Lord* Lansdown.

The desart smiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull sights in the same landscape mixt,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continu'd show:
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, tho' the place stands still,
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgrest)
Th' Enchanter turns the critick to a jest.

But howsoe'er to please your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise:
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight.

HORACE,

ODE III. BOOK III.

Augustus *had a Design to rebuild* Troy, *and make it the Metropolis of the* Roman *Empire, having closetted several Senators on the Project:* Horace *is suppos'd to have written the following* Ode *on this occasion.*

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;

The

The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow, and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtue of his ſoul can move;
Not the red arm of angry *Jove*,
That flings the thunder from the ſky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruine and confuſion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright *Pollux* to the bleſt abodes;
Such did for great *Alcides* plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods;
Where now *Auguſtus*, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His rudy lips the purple tincture ſhow,
And with immortal ſtains divinely glow.

By arts like theſe did young *Lyæus* riſe:
His Tigers drew him to the ſkies,
Wild from the deſart and unbroke:
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the laſh, and bent 'em to the yoke.

Such were the paths that *Rome*'s great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind ſnatch'd on high,
He ſhook off dull mortality,
And loſt the monarch in the god.

Bright

Bright *Juno* then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.

Troy, says the goddess, perjur'd *Troy* has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruines all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire, partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.

Since false *Laomedon*'s tyrannick sway,
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor wou'd the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentments, and *Minerva*'s rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.

And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adult'rer shines no more;
No more do's *Hector*'s force the *Trojans* shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.

My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To *Mars* his off-spring of the *Trojan* line:
Advanc'd to god-head let him rise,
And take his station in the skies;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine:

The thin remains of *Troy*'s afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be *Rome* from *Troy* disjoin'd, Remov'd

Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore, (roar.
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd

Still let the curst detested place,
Where *Priam* lies, and *Priam*'s faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of Kings.

May Tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts, and silent desarts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.

While *Troy* in heaps of ruines lyes,
Rome and the *Roman* capitol shall rise,
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from *Afric* shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two:
Through *Afric*'s sands their triumphs they shall spread,
And the long train of victories pursue
To *Nile*'s yet undiscover'd head.

Riches the hardy soldier shall despise,
And look on gold with un-desiring eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the Mine,
Shall lye untouch'd, and innocently shine.

To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
'Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second *Troy*,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.

A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations rase:
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies head my self will show
What *Juno*, urged to all her rage, can do.

Thrice should *Apollo*'s self the city raise
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my fav'rite *Greeks* his works confound,
And hew the shining fabrick to the ground;
Thrice should her captive dames to *Greece* return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.

But hold, my muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
The mighty strains, in Lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

OVID'S *METAMORPHOSES.*

BOOK II.

The Story of PHAETON.

THE sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the cov'ring wrought:
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of *Vulcan*) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th' inferiour earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and *Proteus* (the deceiving god)
With *Doris* here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their drooping hair divide.
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Tho' various features did the sisters grace,
A Sister's likeness was in every face.
On earth a different landskip courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heav'n's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.

Here

Here *Phaeton*, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
'Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious God:
He saw at distance, or the dazling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aking sight.

The God sits high, exalted on a throne,
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages, stand,
Here spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary winter shivers in the rear.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, " What wants my Son? for know
" My son thou art, and I must call thee so.

" Light of the world, the trembling youth replies,
" Illustrious Parent! since you don't despise
" The parent's name, some certain token give,
" That I may *Clymene*'s proud boast believe,
" Nor longer under false reproaches grieve.

The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: " My son, said he,
" Come to thy father's arms! for *Clymenè*
" Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
" And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
" As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
" Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
" By *Styx* I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
" And roul impervious to my piercing sight,

The

The youth transported, asks without delay,
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.

The God repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook:
" My son, says he, some other proof require;
" Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire,
" I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
" Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
" Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
" Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
" Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
" Beyond the province of mortality:
" There is not one of all the gods that dares
" (However skill'd in other great affairs)
" To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
" Not *Jove* himself, the ruler of the sky,
" That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
" Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as *Jove?*
" The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain:
" And when the middle firmament they gain,
" If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
" And see the earth and ocean hang below,
" Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
" And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
" A mighty downfal steeps the ev'ning stage,
" And steddy reins must curb the horses' rage.
" *Tethys* her self has fear'd to see me driv'n
" Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
" Besides, consider what impetuous force
" Turns stars and planets in a different course:
" I steer against their motions; nor am I
" Born back by all the current of the sky.
" But how could you resist the orbs that roul
" In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
" But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
" And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;

While

" While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
" Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
" For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
" The *Bull* with stooping horns stands opposite;
" Next him the bright *Hæmonian Bow* is strung;
" And next, the *Lion*'s grinning visage hung:
" The *Scorpion*'s claws here clasp a wide extent,
" And here the *Crabs* in lesser clasps are bent.
" Nor would you find it easie to compose
" The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
" The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
" Ev'n I their head-strong fury scarce restrain,
" When they grow warm and restiff to the rein.
" Let not my son a fatal gift require,
" But, oh! in time, recal your rash desire;
" You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
" Let these my fears your parentage reveal;
" And learn a father from a father's care:
" Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
" Cou'd you but look, you'd read the father there.
" Chuse out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies.
" For open to your wish all nature lies,
" Only decline this one unequal task,
" For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask;
" You ask a real mischief *Phaeton:*
" Nay hang not thus about my neck, my son:
" I grant your wish, and *Styx* has heard my voice,
" Chuse what you will, but make a wiser choice.

Thus did the God th' unwary youth advise;
But he still longs to travel through the skies.
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the *Vulcanian* chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.

The

The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
The seat with parti-colour'd gems was bright
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys:
When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
The stars were fled; for *Lucifer* had chas'd
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble *Hours* without delay
Bring forth the steeds, the nimble *Hours* obey:
From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sov'raign virtue to repel the heat;
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,

" Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
" Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
" The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
" Your art must be to moderate their haste.
" Drive 'em not on directly through the skies,
" But where the *Zodiac*'s winding circle lies,
" Along the midmost *Zone*; but sally forth
" Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.
" The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
" But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
" That no new fires or heaven or earth infest;
" Keep the mid way, the middle way is best.
" Nor, where in radiant folds the *Serpent* twines,
" Direct your course, nor where the *Altar* shines.
" Shun both extremes; the rest let fortune guide,
" And better for thee than thy self provide!

" See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
" *Aurora* gives the promise of a day;
" I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
" Snatch up the reins; or still th' attempt forsake,
" And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
" While yet securely on the earth you stand;
" Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
" Let me alone to light the world, while you
" Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.
He spoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
And all the waste of heaven before 'em lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea th' unballas'd vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot tos's'd on high,
The youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor wou'd the horses, had he known, obey,
Then the *seven Stars* first felt *Apollo*'s ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
The folded *Serpent* next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll,

And

And rage'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And ſhot a redder light from every ſtar;
Nay, and 'tis ſaid, *Boötes* too, that fain
Thou would'ſt have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy Wain.

Th' unhappy Youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him ſpread:
His colour chang'd, he ſtartled at the ſight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wiſh the fiery ſteeds untry'd,
His birth obſcure, and his requeſt deny'd:
Now would he *Merops* for his Father own,
And quit his boaſted kindred to the Sun.

So fares the Pilot, when his ſhip is toſt
In troubled ſeas, and all its ſteerage loſt,
He gives her to the winds, and in deſpair
Seeks his laſt refuge in the Gods and Prayer.

What cou'd he do? his eyes, if backward caſt,
Find a long path he had already paſt;
If forward, ſtill a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and meaſures in his mind;
And ſometimes caſts an eye upon the Eaſt,
And ſometimes looks on the forbidden Weſt.
The horſes' Names he knew not in the fright:
Nor wou'd he loſe the reins, nor cou'd he hold 'em tight.

Now all the horrors of the heavens he ſpies,
And monſtrous ſhadows of prodigious ſize,
That, deck'd with ſtars, lie ſcatter'd o'er the ſkies.
There is a place above, where *Scorpio* bent
In tail and arms ſurrounds a vaſt extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he ſhines,
And fills the ſpace of two celeſtial ſigns.
Soon as the Youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandiſh his ſting, and in his poiſon ſweat,

Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horses felt 'em loose upon their mains,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroul'd where-e'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the Earth the burning chariot drew.

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoak, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fewel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvest grow,
The running conflagaration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the Car draws near,
Athos and *Tmolus* red with fires appear;
Oeagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin *Helicon* increase the flame;
Taurus and *Oete* glare amid the sky,
And *Ida*, spight of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and *Othrys*, and *Cithæron*, glow;
And *Rhodopè*, no longer cloath'd in snow;
High *Pindus*, *Mimas*, and *Parnassus*, sweat,
And *Ætna* rages with redoubled heat.
Even *Scythia*, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring *Appennine*,
And *Caucasus*, and proud *Olympus*, shine;
And, where the long-extended *Alpes* aspire,
Now stands a huge continu'd rage of fire.

Th' astonisht Youth, where-e'er his eyes cou'd turn,
Beheld the Universe around him burn:

The

The World was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,
He flew where-e'er the Horses drove, nor knew
Whither the Horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy *Moor* begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
Then *Libya* first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of Sand.
The Water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of silver *Dirce*, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And *Argos* grieves whilst *Amymonè* fails.

The floods are drain'd from every distant coast,
Even *Tanaïs*, tho' fix'd in ice was lost.
Enrag'd *Caïcus* and *Lycormas* roar,
And *Xanthus* fated to be burnt once more.
The fram'd *Mæander*, that unweary'd strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd *Babylon Euphrates* flies;
The big-swoln *Ganges* and the *Danube* rise
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames *Ismenos* and the *Phasis* rould,
and *Tagus* floating in his melted gold.
The Swans, that on *Cäyster* often try'd
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd.
The frighted *Nile* ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His seven divided currents all are dry,
And where they roul'd, seven gaping trenches lye.

No more the *Rhine* or *Rhone* their course maintain,
Nor *Tiber*, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep-cleft, admits the dazling ray,
And startles *Pluto* with the flash of day.
The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd *Cyclades*.
The fish in sholes about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked Dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath, th' unshapen *Phocæ* die,
And on the boiling wave extended lye.
Nereus, and *Doris* with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern *Neptune* thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The *Earth* at length, on every side embrac'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Up-lifted to the heavens her blasted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said;
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat)
" If you, great King of Gods, my death approve,
" And I deserve it, let me die by *Jove*;
" If I must perish by the force of fire,
" Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
" See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
" See my singe'd hair, behold my faded eye,
" And wither'd face, where heaps of Cinders lye!

And

" And does the plow for this my body tear?
" This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
" Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
" That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
" And food for man, and frankincense for you?
" But grant me guilty; what has *Neptune* done?
" Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
" The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
" Why does it waste, and further shrink from heaven?
" If I nor He your pity can provoke,
" See your own Heavens, the heavens begin to smoke!
" Shou'd once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
" Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
" *Atlas* becomes unequal to his freight,
" And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
" If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
" All must again into their chaos turn.
" Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
" And succour nature, e're it be too late.
She ceas'd; for choak'd with vapours round her spread,
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.

Jove call'd to witness every Power above,
And even the God, whose Son the Chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruine must ensue.
Strait he ascends the high Æthereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor shower.
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' Almighty Sire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life, and from the chariot driven,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven.
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The studded harness from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.
The breathless *Phaeton*, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop;
'Till on the *Po* his blasted corps was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON's *Sisters transform'd into Trees.*

The *Latian* nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilst yet smoaking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
" Here he who drove the Sun's bright chariot lies;
" His Father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
" But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd.

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of One whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a Sun:
The burning ruines, with a fainter ray,
Supply the Sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that still did nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But *Clymenè*, enrag'd with grief laments,
And as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her Son, and frantick in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd round the world she goes,
To seek where-e'er his body might be cast;
'Till, on the borders of the *Po*, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears,
The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears;
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for *Phaeton* in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full Moon return'd;
So long the mother, and the daughters mourn'd:
When now the eldest, *Phaethusa*, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Her self with-held, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with Leaves;
One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies stood
Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
But still above were female Heads display'd,
And mouths, that call'd the Mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kiss'd her sprouting Daughters as they grew.

She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers ſtrips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where ſhe tore away
The leaves and bark: The maids were heard to ſay,
" Forbear, miſtaken Parent, Oh! forbear;
" A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
" Farewel for ever." Here the bark encreas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words ſuppreſs'd.

To new-made trees in tears of Amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the Sun,
Diſtil for ever on the ſtreams below:
The limpid ſtreams their radiant treaſure ſhew,
Mixt in the ſand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dreſs of the bright *Latian* maid.

The Transformation of CYCNUS *into a Swan.*

Cycnus beheld the Nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother, on the mortal ſide,
In friendſhip and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Thro' pathleſs fields and lonely ſhores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the ſiſters' change.
Whilſt here, within the diſmal gloom, alone,
The melancholy Monarch made his moan,
His voice was leſſen'd, as he try'd to ſpeak,
And iſſu'd through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In ſkinny films, and ſhape his oary feet;
From both his ſides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All *Cycnus* now into a Swan was turn'd,
Who, ſtill remembring how his kinſman burn'd,
To ſolitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-

Mean while *Apollo* in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own Sun-shine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and over-cast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his grief he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
" E'er since the birth of Time, said he, I've born
" A long ungrateful toil without return;
" Let now some other manage, if he dare,
" The fiery steeds, and mount the burning Carr;
" Or, if none else, let *Jove* his fortune try,
" And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
" Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
" My Son deserv'd not so severe a fate.

The Gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
Jove too himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and intreats,
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his Son.

The Story of CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and *Jove*
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,

To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: The Earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on *Arcadia* most.
Her fields he cloath'd and chear'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and Nature smiles again.

But as the God walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair *Arcadian* Nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood:
The Nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was try'd;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste *Diana* from her youth inclin'd
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er *Mænalus*, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.

The Sun now shone in all its strength and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung her self on the cool grassy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
"Here I am safe, he cries, from *Juno*'s eye;
"Or should my jealous Queen the theft descry,
"Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
"And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!"

Diana's

Diana's shape and habit strait he took,
Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.
" How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
" All-hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
" To *Jove* himself, tho' *Jove* himself were here.
The God was nearer than she thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd.

He then salutes her with a warm embrace;
And, e're she half had told the morning chase,
With love enflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kiss;
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could *Diana*'s shape conceal the God.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd;
(Sure *Juno* must have pardon'd, had she view'd)
With all her might against his force she strove;
But how can mortal maids contend with *Jove!*

Possest at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens th' exulting God retir'd.
The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
With down-cast eyes, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

But now *Diana*, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the Nymph; the Nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a *Jove* disguis'd in Her;
But, when she saw the sister Nymphs, suppress'd
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How-

How in the look does conſcious guilt appear!
Slowly ſhe mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddeſs ran,
As once ſhe us'd, the foremoſt of the train.
Her looks were fluſh'd, and ſullen was her mien,
That ſure the virgin goddeſs (had ſhe been
Aught but a virgin) muſt the guilt have ſeen.
'Tis ſaid the Nymphs ſaw all, and gueſs'd aright:
And now the Moon had nine times loſt her light,
When *Dian*, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreſhing ſtreams,
That in ſoft murmurs through the foreſt flow'd,
And a ſmooth bed of ſhining gravel ſhow'd.

A Covert ſo obſcure, and ſtreams ſo clear,
The goddeſs prais'd: "And now no ſpies are near,
"Let's ſtrip, my gentle maids, and waſh, ſhe cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the bluſhing huntreſs ſtood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;
In vain excus'd: her fellows round her preſs'd,
And the reluctant Nymph by force undreſs'd.
The naked huntreſs all her ſhame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
"Begone! the goddeſs cries with ſtern diſdain,
"Begone! nor dare the hallow'd ſtream to ſtain:
She fled, for ever baniſh'd from the train.

This *Juno* heard, who long had watch'd her time
To puniſh the deteſted rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddeſs caſt a furious look, and cry'd,
"It is enough! I'm fully ſatisfy'd!

"This

" This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
" My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love:
" But vengeance shall awake: those guilty charms,
" That drew the Thunderer from *Juno*'s arms,
" No longer shall their wonted force retain,
" Nor please the God, nor make the Mortal vain.

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and drag'd her on the ground:
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a God, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of *Jove*, she was depriv'd of speech:
Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came.
In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
The fury monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to *Jove*,
And beg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!
How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
The shaggy Bear, tho' now her self was one!
How from the sight of rugged Wolves retire,
Although the grim *Lycaon* was her Sire!

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;

When

When, as he beat the woods in queſt of prey,
He chanc'd to rouze his mother where ſhe lay,
She knew her Son and kept him in her ſight,
And fondly gaz'd: The boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breaſt,
And would have ſlain his mother in the beaſt;
But *Jove* forbad, and ſnatch'd 'em through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd there
Where the new Conſtellations nightly riſe,
And add a luſtre to the northern ſkies.

When *Juno* ſaw the rival in her height,
Spangled with ſtars, and circled round with light,
She ſought old *Ocean* in his deep abodes,
And *Tethys*; both rever'd among the Gods.
They aſk what brings her there: " Ne'er aſk, ſays ſhe,
" What brings me here, Heaven is no place for me.
" You'll ſee, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
" *Jove*'s ſtarry baſtard and triumphant whore
" Uſurp the heavens; you'll ſee 'em proudly roul
" In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
" And who ſhall now on *Juno*'s altars wait,
" When thoſe ſhe hates grow greater by her hate?
" I on the Nymph a brutal form impreſs'd,
" *Jove* to a goddeſs has transform'd the beaſt;
" This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
" But let the God his chaſte amours purſue,
" And, as he acted after *Io*'s rape,
" Reſtore th' adult'reſs to her former ſhape;
" Then may he caſt his *Juno* off, and lead
" The great *Lycaon*'s off-ſpring to his bed:
" But you, ye venerable powers be kind,
" And, if my wrongs a due reſentment find,
" Receive not in your waves their ſetting beams,
" Nor let the glaring ſtrumpet taint your ſtreams

The

The Goddeſs ended, and her wiſh was given;
Back ſhe return'd in triumph up to heaven;
Her gawdy Peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were ſpotted with a thouſand Eyes;
The Eyes of *Argus* on their tails were rang'd,
At the ſame time the Raven's colour chang'd,

The Story of CORONIS, *and Birth of* ÆSCULAPIUS.

The Raven once in ſnowy plumes was dreſt,
White as the whiteſt Dove's unſully'd breaſt,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the Swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To ſooty blackneſs from the pureſt white.

The ſtory of his change ſhall here be told,
In *Theſſaly* there liv'd a Nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerleſs maid ſhe ſhin'd,
Confeſt the faireſt of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew,
While true ſhe was, or while he thought her true.
But his own bird the Raven chanc'd to find
The falſe one with a ſecret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to ſuppreſs the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk white pinions to the God he ply'd:
The buſy Daw flew with him, ſide by ſide,
And by a thouſand teizing queſtions drew
Th' important ſecret from him as they flew.
The Daw gave honeſt counſel, tho' deſpis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd.

" Stay

" Stay, silly bird, th' ill-natur'd task refuse,
" Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
" Be warn'd by my example: you discern
" What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
" My foolish honesty was all my crime;
" Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
" The two-shap'd *Erichthonius* had his birth
" (Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
" *Minerva* nurs'd him, and the infant laid
" Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
" The daughters of King *Cecrops* undertook
" To guard the chest, commanded not to look
" On what was hid within. I stood to see
" The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
" The sisters *Pandrosos* and *Hersè* keep
" The strict command; *Aglauros* needs would peep,
" And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
" And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight;
" A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
" But the boy ended in a Dragon's tail.
" I told the stern *Minervà* all that pass'd,
" But for my pains discarded and disgrac'd,
" The frownning goddess drove me from her sight,
" And for her favourite chose the bird of night.
" Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
" Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.

" But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
" As never by the heavenly maid belov'd:
" But I was lov'd; ask *Pallas* if I lye;
" Tho' *Pallas* hate me now, she won't deny:
" For I whom in a feather'd shape you view,
" Was once a Maid (by heaven the story's true)
" A blooming maid, and a King's daughter too.
" A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
" My beauty was the cause of all my harms;

" Nep-

" *Neptune*, as on his shores I went to rove,
" Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
" He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
" And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
" Swift he pursu'd: I ran along the strand,
" 'Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
" I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
" To gods and men; nor God, nor Man was there:
" A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
" For, as my Arms I lifted to the skies,
" I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
" I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
" My garment turn'd to Plumes, and girt me round:
" My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
" Nor naked bosom now nor hands, had I.
" Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
" Sunk in the sand, but skim'd along the shore;
" 'Till, rising on my Wings, I was prefer'd
" To be the chaste *Minerva*'s virgin bird:
" Prefer'd in vain! I now am in disgrace:
" *Nyctimene* the Owl enjoys my place.

" On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
" (In *Lesbos* still the horrid tale they tell)
" And of her dire amours you must have heard,
" For which she now does penance in a Bird,
" That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
" And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
" The Birds, where-e'er she flutters, scare away
" The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.

The Raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curst the harmless Daw; the Daw withdrew:
The Raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false *Coronis* and the favour'd youth.

The

The God was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook:
His silver bow and feather shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been prest,
Down fell the wounded Nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
" Ah cruel God! tho' I have justly dy'd,
" What has, alas! my unborn Infant done,
" That He should fall, and two expire in one?
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The God dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falshood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.
Soon as he saw the lovely Nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a God could Weep, the God had Wept.
Her corps he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.

But, left his off'ring should her fate partake,
Spight of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur *Chiron*'s charge:
Then in his fury Black'd the Raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his White plumes no more.

OCYRR-

OCYRRHOE *transform'd to a Mare.*

Old *Chiron* took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
The Nymph *Chariclo* to the Centaur bore,
With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came
To see the child, *Ocyrrhöe* was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The God was kindled in the raving Maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetick tale;
" Hail, great Physician of the world, all hail;
" Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
" Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
" Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
" Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
" Thy daring art shall animate the Dead,
" And draw the Thunder on thy guilty head:
" Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
" Rise up victorious, and be Twice a God.
" And thou, my Sire, not destin'd by thy birth
" To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
" How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
" And quit thy claim to immortality;
" When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
" The *Hydra*'s venom rankling in thy veins?
" The Gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
" And give thee over to the power of Fate.

Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended *Jove* betray'd:
More had she still to say; but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.

" My

" My voice, says she, is gone, my language fails;
" Through every limb my kindred shape prevails:
" Why did the God this fatal gift impart,
" And with prophetick raptures swell my heart!
" What new desires are these? I long to Pace
" O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on Grass;
" I hasten to a Brute, a Maid no more;
" But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
" My Sire does Half a human shape retain,
" And in his upper parts preserves the Man.

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents, and miss-shapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The Human form confounded in the Mare
'Till by degrees accomplish'd in the Beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the Steed exprest.
Her stooping body on her hands is born;
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
The Mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

The Transformation of BATTUS *to a Touch-Stone.*

Sore wept the Centaur, and to *Phœbus* pray'd;
But how could *Phœbus* give the Centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry *Jove.*
In *Elis* then a herd of Beeves he drove;
And weilded in his hand a staff of Oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the Shepherd's cloak,
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe he play'd,
The crafty *Hermes* from the God convey'd
A Drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd.
The theft an old insidious Peasant view'd,
They call'd him *Battus* in the neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy *Pylian* Prince to feed
His favourite Mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thievish God suspected him and took
The Hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke;
" Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
" And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
" Go, stranger, cries the clown, securely on,
" That stone shall sooner tell; and show'd a stone.

The God withdrew, but strait return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country Swain;
And cries out, " Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
" Of Bullocks and of Heifers pass this way?
" In the recovery of my cattle join,
" A Bullock and a Heifer shall be thine.
The Peasant quick replies, " You'll find them there
" In yon dark vale: and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
The God successful in the tryal, smil'd;
" And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
" Me to myself dost thou betray? says he:
Then to a *Touch-stone* turns the faithless Spy,
And in his name records his infamy.

The Story of AGLAUROS, *transform'd into a Statue.*

This done, the God flew up on high, and pass'd
O'er lofty *Athens*, by *Minerva* grace'd,
And wide *Munichia*, whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas

'Twas now the feaſt when each *Athenian* Maid
Her yearly homage to *Minerva* paid;
In caniſters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their myſtick gifts they bore:
And now, returning in a ſolemn train,
The troop of ſhining Virgins fill'd the plain.

The God well-pleas'd beheld the pompous ſhow,
And ſaw the bright proceſſion paſs below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them: As the ſpreading Kite,
That ſmells the ſlaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a diſtance, if the Prieſts are nigh,
And ſails around, and keeps it in her eye;
So kept the God the Virgin choir in view,
And in ſlow winding circles round them flew.

As *Lucifer* excels the meaneſt ſtar,
Or, as the full-orb'd *Phœbe Lucifer*;
So much did *Herſè* all the reſt outvy,
And gave a grace to the ſolemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold Bullet, that with fury ſlung
From *Balearick* engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the ſky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and ſhow'd
The form divine, the features of a God.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he ſtrives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle looſe, and ſets to ſhow
The golden edging on the ſeam below;
Adjuſts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the ſleep-procuring wand;
The glittering ſandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His

His ornaments with niceſt art diſplay'd,
He ſeeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with poliſh'd Ivory line'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of Tortoiſe ſhine'd,
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were place'd,
The midmoſt by the beauteous *Herſè* grace'd;
Her virgin ſiſters lodg'd on either ſide.
Aglauros firſt th' approaching God deſcry'd,
And, as he croſs'd her chamber, aſk'd his name,
And what his buſineſs was, and whence he came.
" I come, reply'd the God, from Heaven, to woo
" Your ſiſter, and to make an aunt of you;
" I am the ſon and meſſenger of *Jove*.
" My name is *Mercury*, my buſineſs Love;
" Do you, kind damſel, take a lover's part,
" And gain admittance to your ſiſter's heart.

She ſtar'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when ſhe on *Minerva*'s ſecret gaz'd,
And aſks a mighty treaſure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the God retire.
Minerva griev'd to ſee the Nymph ſucceed;
And now remembring the late impious deed,
When, diſobedient to her ſtrict command,
She touch'd the cheſt with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-ſwoln ſighs her inward rage expreſs'd,
That heav'd the riſing *Ægis* on her breaſt;
Then ſought out *Envy* in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholſom ſkies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Diſmal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or diſturbs the night.

Directly

Directly to the cave her courſe ſhe ſteer'd
Againſt the gates her martial lance ſhe rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the Fiend appear'd.
A pois'nous morſel in her teeth ſhe chew'd,
And gorg'd the fleſh of Vipers for her food.
Minerva loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monſter, riſing heavily,
Came ſtalking forward with a ſullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as ſhe ſaw the Goddeſs gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at ſuch a chearful ſight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul diſtorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts poſſeſs'd,
And ſpread a greenneſs o'er her canker'd breaſt;
Her teeth were brown with ruſt; and from her tongue
In dangling drops, the ſtringy poiſon hung.
She never ſmiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's ſleep,
Reſtleſs in ſpite: while watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at another's joy;
Foe to her ſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſt,
She bears her own tormenter in her breaſt.
The Goddeſs gave (for ſhe abhorr'd her ſight)
A ſhort command: "To *Athens* ſpeed thy flight;
"On curſt *Aglauros* try thy utmoſt art,
"And fix thy rankeſt venoms in her heart.
This ſaid, her ſpear ſhe puſh'd againſt the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to Heaven: The hag with eyes aſkew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curſes as ſhe flew;
For ſore ſhe fretted, and began to grieve
At the ſucceſs which ſhe her ſelf muſt give.
Then takes her ſtaff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And ſails along, in a black whirlwind born,

O'er

O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are deface'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waste:
On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.

When *Athens* she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous Fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest,
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress.
To execute *Minerva*'s dire command,
She stroak'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And place'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her Sister's Marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary Bride appears in state;
The Bride-groom with unwonted beauty glows;
For *Envy* magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, *Aglauros* pine'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant Sun;
Or like unwholsome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)

Oft, did she call on death, as oft, decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had past:
At length before the door her self she cast;
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick God deny'd.
The God caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd Maid.
In vain he sooth'd; "Begone! the Maid replies,
"Or here I keep my seat, and never rise.
"Then keep thy seat for ever, cries the God,
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
Her joynts are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And Marble now appears in every nail.
As when a Cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chilness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
'Tis hard'ning every where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a Stone;
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA's *Rape.*

When now the God his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn Maid,
From where the bright *Athenian* turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of Gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will express.

"My

" My truſty *Hermes*, by whoſe ready aid
" Thy Sire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
" Reſume thy wings, exert their utmoſt force,
" And to the walls of *Sidon* ſpeed thy courſe;
" There find a herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
" The neighbouring hill, and drive 'em to the ſhore;

Thus ſpoke the God, concealing his intent.
The truſty *Hermes* on his meſſage went,
And found the herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the ſhore;
Where the King's Daughter with a lovely train
Of Fellow-Nymphs, was ſporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aſide,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride.)
The Ruler of the ſkies, the thundering God,
Who ſhakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing Heifers ran,
Friſk'd in a Bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his ſhoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His ſkin was whiter than the ſnow that lies
Unſully'd by the breath of ſouthern ſkies;
Small ſhining horns on his curl'd forehead ſtand,
As turn'd and poliſh'd by the work-man's hand;
His eye-Balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languiſh'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and expreſt
The ſoftneſs of the Lover in the Beaſt.

Agenor's royal daughter, as ſhe play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white Bull ſurvey'd,
And view'd the ſpotleſs body with delight,
And at a diſtance kept him in her ſight.

At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly stroak'd his head.
He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
Now rowls his body on the yellow sand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal Maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal Virgin dress't
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she prest the Thunderer,
She plac'd her self upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the God.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted Nymph looks backward on the shoar,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is born
Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the Virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the *Dictean* shore;
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his True shape he captivates the Maid;
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestick figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the God discover'd to her sight.

OVID's *METAMORPHOSES.*

BOOK III.

The Story of CADMUS.

WHEN now *Agenor* had his daughter loſt,
He ſent his ſon to ſearch on every coaſt;
And ſternly bid him to his arms reſtore
The darling maid, or ſee his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The reſtleſs youth ſearch'd all the world around;
But how can *Jove* in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unſucceſsful toil,
To ſhun his angry Sire and native ſoil,
He goes a ſuppliant to the *Delphick* dome;
There aſks the God what new appointed home
Should end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve,
The *Delphick* oracles this anſwer give.

" Behold among the fields a lonely Cow,
" Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
" Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
" There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
" And from thy guide *Bœotia* call the land,
" In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand.

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the *Delphick* God,
When in the fields the fatal Cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude:
Her gently at a distance he pursu'd;
And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great Power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery *Panopè* she took,
And now, *Cephisus*, cross'd thy silver brook;
When to the Heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On those behind, 'till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the Gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lye;

Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to *Jove*.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidst the brake a hollow Den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary Den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to *Mars*, a mighty Dragon lay,

Bloated

Bloated with poiſon to a monſtrous ſize;
Fire broke in flaſhes when he glance'd his eyes:
His towering creſt was glorious to behold,
His ſhoulders and his ſides were ſcal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandiſh'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth ſtood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The *Tyrians* in the Den for water ſought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
From ſide to ſide their empty urns rebound,
And rouſe the ſleepy Serpent with the ſound.
Strait he beſtirs him, and is ſeen to riſe;
And now with dreadful hiſſings fills the ſkies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rouls his glareing eyes.
The *Tyrians* drop their veſſels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous ſight.
Spire above ſpire uprear'd in air he ſtood,
And gazing round him, over-look'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles rowl'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of ſuch a bulk, and ſuch a monſtrous ſize,
The Serpent in the polar circle lyes,
That ſtretches over half the Northern ſkies.
In vain the *Tyrians* on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathſom death,
Swoln up with blaſts of peſtilential breath.

And now the ſcorching Sun was mounted high,
In all its luſtre, to the noon-day ſky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To ſearch the woods th' impatient Chief prepares.
A Lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd Jav'lin to the field he bore
Inur'd to blood; the far-deſtroying Dart,
And, the beſt weapon, an undaunted Heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amid their corps he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.
" Such friends, he cries, deserv'd a longer date;
" But *Cadmus* will revenge, or share their fate.
Then heav'd a Stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around.
The pointed Jav'lin more successful flew,
Which at his back the raging warriour threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rage'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away:
The point still buried in the narrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal *Stygian* waters cast;
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enrowl'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the Lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then force'd him to recoil;
The pointed Jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage, The

The Serpent champs the ſteel, and bites the ſpear,
'Till blood and venom all the point beſmear.
But ſtill the hurt he yet receive'd was ſlight;
For, whilſt the Champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the Jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and diſappoints the blow.

The dauntleſs Heroe ſtill purſues his ſtroke,
And preſſes forward, 'till a knotty Oak
Retards his foe, and ſtops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plunge'd the fatal ſpear,
That in the extended neck a paſſage found,
And pierce'd the ſolid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a ſtroke
Of his huge tail, he laſh'd the ſturdy Oak;
'Till ſpent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twiſting in the pangs of death.

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of ſwimming poiſon, intermix'd with blood;
When ſuddenly a ſpeech was heard from high,
(The ſpeech was heard, nor was the ſpeaker nigh)
"Why doſt thou thus with ſecret pleaſure ſee,
"Inſulting Man! what thou thy ſelf ſhalt be?
Aſtoniſh'd at the voice, he ſtood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When *Pallas* ſwift deſcending from the Skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wiſe,
Bids him plow up the field, and ſcatter round
Tho Dragon's Teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field ſhould riſe.

He ſows the Teeth at *Pallas*'s command,
And flings the Future People from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he ſows;
And now the pointed ſpears advance in rows;

Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees; 'till all the Man arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus surpriz'd, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:
When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fondman, forbear
"To mingle in a blind promiscuous war.
This said, he struck his Brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by Another's wound;
Nor did the Third his conquest long survive,
Dying e're scarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran through all the field,
'Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows swam in blood: and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at *Pallas*'s command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom *Cadmus* as his friends and partners takes:
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new *Bœotian* empire birth.

Here *Cadmus* reign'd; and now one would have guess'd
The royal founder in his exile blest:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathless Gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told:

But

But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die.

Actæon was the firſt of all his race,
Who griev'd his Grandſire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by ſtern *Diana* to bemoan
The branching horns, and viſage not his own;
To ſhun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their Huntſman to become their Prey.
And yet conſider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

The Transformation of ACTÆON *into a Stag.*

In a fair Chace a ſhady mountain ſtood,
Well ſtore'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntſmen 'till the heat of day
Purſue the Stag, and load themſelves with prey
When thus *Actæon* calling to the reſt:
" My friends, ſays he, our ſport is at the beſt.
" The Sun is high advance'd, and downward ſheds
" His burning beams directly on our heads;
" Then by conſent abſtain from further ſpoils,
" Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
" And e're to-morrow's Sun begins his race,
" Take the cool morning to renew the chace.
They all conſent, and in a chearful train
The jolly huntſmen, loaden with the ſlain,
Return in triumph from the ſultry plain.

Down in a vale with Pine and Cypreſs clad,
Refreſh'd with gentle winds, and brown with ſhade,

The

The chaſte *Diana*'s private haunt, there ſtood
Full in the centre of the darkſome wood
A ſpacious Grotto, all around o'er-grown
With hoary moſs, and arch'd with Pumice-ſtone,
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling ſwell into a lake below.
Nature had every where ſo play'd her part.
That every where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with Art.
Here the bright Goddeſs, toil'd and chafe'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did ſhe now with all her train reſort,
Panting with heat, and breathleſs from the ſport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aſide,
Some loos'd her ſandals, ſome her veil unty'd;
Each buſy Nymph her proper part undreſt;
While *Crocalè*, more handy than the reſt.
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a nooſe
Bound it together, whilſt her own hung looſe.
Five of the more ignoble ſort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undreſt the ſhining Goddeſs ſtood,
When young *Actæon*, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grott by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked Nymphs ſurvey'd.
The frighted virgins ſhriek'd at the ſurprize,
(The foreſt echo'd with their piercing cries.)
Then in a huddle round their Goddeſs preſt:
She, proudly eminent above the reſt,
With bluſhes glow'd; ſuch bluſhes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
And tho' the crowding Nymphs her body hide,
Half backward ſhrunk, and view'd him from aſide
Surpriz'd, at firſt ſhe would have ſnatch'd her Bow,
But ſees the circling waters round her flow;

These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke:
" Tell, if thou can'st, the wonderous sight disclos'd;
" A Godess Naked to thy view expos'd.

This said, the Man begun to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a Deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched *Actæon!* in a doleful tone
He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the Deer, and skulk in Woods?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aking heart assails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His opening Hounds, and now he hears their cries;
A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;

Nor

Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.
When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
'Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the sad Huntsman grov'ling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chance'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advance'd,
And call'd their Lord *Actæon* to the game;
He shook his head in answer to the name,
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker on.
But, to his grief he finds himself too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master panting in a Deer.

The Birth of BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings, and *Diana*'s rage,
Did all the thoughts of Men and Gods engage,
Some call'd the evils, which *Diana* wrought,
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;
Others again esteem'd *Actæon*'s woes
Fit for a Virgin Goddess to impose.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produc'd on either side.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the Goddess, nor excuse:
She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joy'd to see the race of *Cadmus* bleed;
For still she kept *Europa* in her mind,
And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How *Semele*, to *Jove*'s embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future God.
Thus terribly incens'd, the Goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.

" Are my reproaches of so small a force ?
" 'Tis time I then pursue another course:
" It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
" If I'm indeed the Mistress of the Sky;
" If rightly styl'd among the Powers above
" The Wife and Sister of the thundering *Jove*,
" (And none can sure a Sister's right deny)
" It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
" She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
" Pregnant she rises to a Mother's name;
" While proud and vain she triumphs in her *Jove*,
" And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
" But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
" By her own lover the fond beauty dies.
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of *Semele* she stood.

Old *Beroë*'s decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the Nurse's tone.
The Goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false Foster-child,

Much

Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the Nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
" 'Tis well, says she, if all be true that's said.
" But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
" Some counterfeit in this your *Jupiter*.
" Many an honest well-designing maid,
" Has been by these pretended Gods betray'd.
" But if he be indeed the thundering *Jove*,
" Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
" Descend triumphant from th' etherial sky,
" In all the pomp of his divinity;
" Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,
" With which he fills the immortal *Juno*'s arms.

Th' unwary Nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of *Jove*, when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would chuse;
" Fear not, reply'd the God, that I'll refuse
" Whate'er you ask: May *Styx* confirm my voice,
" Chuse what you will, and you shall have your choice.
" Then, says the Nymph, when next you seek my Arms,
" May you descend in those celestial charms,
" With which your *Juno*'s bosom you enflame,
" And fill with transport Heaven's immortal dame.
The God surpriz'd would fain have stopp'd her voice:
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice:

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrowds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his light'nings play.
And yet, the dazling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest light'ning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:

Not

Not those huge bolts, by which the Giants slain
Lay overthrown on the *Phlegrean* plain.
'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it Thunder of a Second rate.
For the rough *Cyclops*, who by *Jove*'s command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in it's make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illustrious God, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The light'ning's flashes, and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preserve his off-spring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoaking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all it's time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her Foster-child;
Then the *Nisean*s, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving God.

The Transformation of TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions past on earth,
And *Bacchus* thus procur'd a second birth,
When *Jove*, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of publick empire, and the cares of state;
As to his Queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
" In troth, says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,
" The sense of pleasure in the male is far
" More dull and dead, than what you females share.

Juno

Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.

It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted Snakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.
But after seven revolving years, he view'd
The self-same Serpents in the self-same wood;
" And if, says he, such virtue in you lye,
" That he who dares your slimy folds untie
" Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.
Again he struck the Snakes, and stood again
New-sex'd, and strait recover'd into Man.
Him therefore both the Deities create
The soveraign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declar'd for *Jove:* When *Juno* fir'd,
More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night.
But *Jove* (for so it is in Heaven decreed.
That no one God repeal another's deed;)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

The Transformation of ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' enquiring nations sought their doom;
The fair *Liriope* his answer's try'd,
And first th' unerring prophet justify'd;
This Nymph the God *Cephisus* had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the *Nereid* got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids even then beheld with joy.

The

The tender dame, sollicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage *Tiresias*, who replies,
" If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies.
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspence.
'Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth carress'd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd,
Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.

Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chace,
The babbling *Echo* had descry'd his face;
She, who in others words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks her self but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often, when the Goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This Nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, 'till the lovers slipp'd away.
The Goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cry'd, " That tongue, for this thy crime,
" Which could so many subtle tales produce,
" Shall be hereafter but of little use.
Hence 'tis she prattles, in a fainter tone,
With mimick sounds and accents not her own.

This love-sick Virgin, over-joy'd to find
The Boy alone, still follow'd him behind;

When

When glowing warmly at her near approach,
A sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not Words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice and to resound the sound.

The Nymph, when nothing could *Narcissus* move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
'Till harrass'd out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Here bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it Doubles every sound.

The Story of NARCISSUS.

Thus did the Nymph in vain caress the Boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
When one fair Virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the Gods, provok'd by his disdain.
" Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!
Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.

There stands a fountain in a darksom wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and chearful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chace

Narcissus

Narcissus on the grassie verdure lyes:
But whilst within the chrystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastick shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that *Bacchus* might not scorn to show,
And hair that round *Apollo*'s head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
By his own flames consum'd the lover lyes,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thy self relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
" You trees, says he, and thou surrounding grove,
" Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
" Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lye
" A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?

" I

" I who before me see the charming fair,
" Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:
" In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
" And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
" Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
" No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
" A shallow water hinders my embrace;
" And yet the lovely mimick wears a face
" That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
" My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
" Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
" Come from they well, thou fair inhabitant.
" My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
" O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
" But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
" With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
" When-e'er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
" And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
" His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
" He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
" When-e'er I speak, his moving lips appear
" To utter something, which I cannot hear.

" Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
" To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
" It is my self I love, my self I see;
" The gay delusion is a part of me.
" I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
" And my own beauties from the well return.
" Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
" Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
" And too much plenty makes me die for want.
" How gladly would I from my self remove!
" And at a distance set the thing I love.
" My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
" I wish him absent whom I most desire.

" And

" And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
" In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
" Death will the ſorrows of my heart relieve.
" O might the viſionary youth ſurvive,
" I ſhould with joy my lateſt breath reſign!
" But oh! I ſee his fate involv'd in mine.

This ſaid, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd.
His tears deface'd the ſurface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
" Ah whither, cries *Narciſſus*, doſt thou fly?
" Let me ſtill feed the flame by which I die;
" Let me ſtill ſee, tho' I'm no further bleſt.
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breaſt:
His naked boſom redden'd with the blow,
In ſuch a bluſh as purple cluſters ſhow;
Ere yet the Sun's autumnal heats refine
Their ſprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breaſt he ſpies,
And with a new redoubled paſſion dies.
As Wax diſſolves, as Ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the Sun,
So melts the youth, and languiſhes away:
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of thoſe attractive charms remain,
To which the ſlighted *Echo* ſu'd in vain.

She ſaw him in his preſent miſery,
Whom, ſpight of all her wrongs, ſhe griev'd to ſee.
She anſwer'd ſadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his ſighs, and groan'd to every groan:
" Ah youth! belov'd in vain, *Narciſſus* cries;
" Ah youth! belov'd in vain, the Nymph replies.

" Farewel,

" Farewel, says he: the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she reply'd, " Farewel.
Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lyes.
'Till death shuts up those self admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the *Stygian* waves it self admires.

From him the *Naiads* and the *Dryads* mourn,
Whom the sad *Echo* answers in her turn:
And now the Sister-Nymphs prepare his urn;
When, looking for his corps, they only found
A rising Stalk, with Yellow Blossoms crown'd.

The Story of PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind *Tiresias* fame,
Through *Greece* establish'd in a Prophet's name.

Th' un-hallowd *Pentheus* only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.
To whom the Prophet in his fury said
Shaking the hoary honours of his head;
" 'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
" If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:
" For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
" When the young God's solemnites appear;
" Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
" Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
" Shall strew the woods and hang on every thorn.
" Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
" And own the blind *Tiresias* saw too well.
Still *Pentheus* scorns him, and derides his skill;
But Time did all the Prophet's threats fulfil.
For now thro' prostrate *Greece* young *Bacchus* rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the God.

All

All ranks and sexes to his *Orgies* ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When *Pentheus* thus his wicked rage expres's'd;
" What madness, *Thebans* has your souls possess'd?
" Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
" And the lew'd clamours of a beastly rout,
" Thus quell your Courage? can the weak alarm
" Of woman's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
" Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
" Nor the loud din and horror of a fright?
" And you, our Sires, who left your old abodes,
" And fix'd in foreign earth your country Gods;
" Will you without a stroak your city yield,
" And poorly quit an undisputed field?
" But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
" Heroick warmth, and kindle martial fire,
" Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
" Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
" Remember him to whom you stand allay'd:
" The Serpent for his well of waters dy'd.
" He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
" And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
" If *Thebes* must fall, oh might the fates afford
" A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword!
" Then might the *Thebans* perish wit renown:
" But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
" Whom not the prancing steed, nor pond'rous shield,
" Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
" But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
" The purple vests, and flowery garlands please.
" Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
" Renounce his God-head, and confess the cheat.
" *Acrisius* from the *Grecian* walls repell'd
" This boasted power; why then should *Pentheus* yield?
" Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
" I'll try the force of his divinity.

Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane;
His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his Grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide,
In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty Prince to seize the God;
The God they found not in the frantick throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The Mariners transform'd to Dolphins.

Him *Penthus* view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce with-held his hands, while thus he spoke,
" Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
" And terrify thy base seditious crew:
" Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
" And, why thou join'st in these mad *Orgies*, tell,

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And arm'd with inward innocence, replies.

" From high *Meonia*'s rocky shores I came,
" Of poor descent, *Acætes* is my name:
" My Sire was meanly born; no oxen plow'd
" His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd.
" His whole estate within the Waters lay;
" With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
" His art was all his livelihood; which he
" Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me;

" In

" In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;
" There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance.

" Long did I live on this poor legacy;
" 'Till tir'd with rocks, and my own native sky,
" To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
" Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind:
" Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
" The stormy *Hyades*, the rainy *Goat*,
" The bright *Taygete*, and the shining *Bears*,
" With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.

" Once, as by chance for *Delos* I design'd,
" My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
" Moor'd in a *Chian* creek; ashore I went,
" And all the following night in *Chios* spent.
" When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
" Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring,
" Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd;
" Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
" *Opheltes* heard my summons, and with joy
" Brought to the shoar a soft and lovely Boy,
" With more than female sweetness in his look,
" Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
" With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
" And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.

" I View'd him nicely, and began to trace
" Each Heavenly feature, each Immortal grace,
" And saw Divinity in all his face.
' I know not who, said I, this God should be;
' But that he is a God I plainly see:
' And thou, who-e'er thou art, excuse the force
' These men have us'd; and oh befriend our course!
' Pray not for us, the nimble *Dictys* cry'd;
" *Dictys*, that could the Main-top-mast bestride,
" And down the ropes with active vigour slide.

" To the same purpose old *Epopeus* spoke,
" Who over look'd the oars, and time'd the stroke,
" The same the Pilot, and the same the rest;
" Such impious avarice their souls possest.
' Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
' Within my vessel so divine a prey,
" Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:
" When *Lycabas*, a wretch for murder sent
" From *Tuscany*, to suffer banishment,
" With his clench'd fist had struck me over-board,
" Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.

" His base confederates the fact approve;
" When *Bacchus* (for 'twas he) begun to move,
" Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd;
" And shook his drowsie limbs, and round him gaz'd:
' What means this noise? he cries; am I betray'd;
' Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?
' Fear not, said *Proreus*, child, but tell us where
' You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.
' To *Naxos* then direct your course, said he;
' *Naxos* a hospitable port shall be
' To each of you, a joyful home to me.
" By every God, that rules the sea or sky,
" The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
" And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
" With eager joy I launch into the deep;
" And, heedless of the fraud, for *Naxos* stand:
" They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
" And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
" To tack about, and steer another way.
' Then let some other to my post succeed,
' Said I, I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.
" What, says *Ethalion*, must the ship's whole crew
" Follow your humour, and depend on you?
" And strait himself he seated at the prore,
" And tack'd about, and sought another shore.

" The

" The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
" And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
" And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said;
" And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
" Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
" Will such a multitude of men employ
" Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?

" In vain did I the God-like youth deplore,
" The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
" And now by all the Gods in Heaven that hear
" This solemn oath, by *Bacchus'* self, I swear,
" The mighty miracle that did ensue,
" Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
" The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
" Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
" In vain the Mariners would plow the main
" With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
" Around their oars a twining Ivy cleaves,
" And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves:
" The sails are cover'd with a chearful green,
" And Berries in the fruitful canvase seen.
" Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
" Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.

" The God we now behold with open'd eyes;
" A herd of spotted Panthers round him lyes
" In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
" On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
" And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
" My mates, surpriz'd with madness or with fear,
" Leap'd over-board; first perjur'd *Madon* found
" Rough Scales and Fins his stiff'ning sides surround;
" Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
" Strait his own mouth grew wider as he spoke;
" And now himself he views with like surprize.
" Still at his oar th' industrious *Libys* plies;

" But, as he plies, each busy army shrinks in,
" And by degrees is fashion'd to a Fin.
" Another, as he catches at a cord,
" Misses his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
" With his broad Fins and Forky Tail he laves
" The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
" Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship,
" Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
" And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
" Full nineteen Sailors did the ship convey,
" A shole of nineteen Dolphins round her play.
" I only in my proper shape appear,
" Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
" 'Till *Bacchus* kindly bid me fear no more.
" With him I landed on the *Chian* shore,
" And him shall ever gratefully adore.

" This forging slave, says *Pentheus*, would prevail,
" O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale:
" Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
" And in the tortures of the rack expire.
The officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd Captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

The Death of PENTHEUS.

But *Pentheus*, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high *Cithæron* echo'd with their song.
And as the fiery War-horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
Transported thus he heard the frantick rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.

A ſpacious circuit on the hill there ſtood,
Level and wide, and ſkirted round with wood;
Here the raſh *Pentheus*, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and myſtick *Orgies* ſpies.
His mother ſternly view'd him where he ſtood,
And kindled into madneſs as ſhe view'd:
Her leafy Jav'lin at her ſon ſhe caſt,
And cries, "The Boar that lays our country waſte!
"The Boar, my Siſters! aim the fatal dart,
"And ſtrike the brindled monſter to the heart.

Pentheus aſtoniſh'd heard the diſmal ſound,
And ſees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He ſees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
"Help, help! my aunt *Autonöe*, he cry'd;
"Remember how your own *Actæon* dy'd.
Deaf to his cries, the frantick matron crops
One ſtretch'd-out arm, the other *Ino* lops.
In vain does *Pentheus* to his mother ſue,
And the raw bleeding ſtumps preſents to view:
His mother howl'd; and, heedleſs of his prayer,
Her trembling hand ſhe twiſted in his hair,
"And this, ſhe cry'd, ſhall be *Agavè*'s ſhare.
When from the neck his ſtruggling head ſhe tore,
And in her hands the ghaſtly viſage bore,
With pleaſure all the hideous trunk ſurvey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As ſtarting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours caſts,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by autumnal blaſts,
With ſuch a ſudden death lay *Pantheus* ſlain,
And in a thouſand pieces ſtrow'd the plain.

By ſo diſtinguiſhing a judgment aw'd,
The *Thebans* tremble, and confeſs the God.

The Story of SALMACIS *and* HERMAPHRODITUS.

From the Fourth Book of OVID's *Metamorphoses.*

HOW *Salmacis*, who with weak unfeebling streams
Softens the body and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

The *Naïads* nurst an infant heretofore,
That *Cytherea* once to *Hermes* bore:
From both th' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright Parents through the Infant's face.
When fifteen years, in *Ida*'s cool retreat,
The Boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the *Lycian* fields he crost,
And fields that border on the *Lycian* coast;
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight,

The

The ſtream produc'd nor ſlimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry ruſhes, nor the ſpiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moiſture all around,
The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd
And kept the ſpring eternal on the ground.
A Nymph preſides, nor practis'd in the chace,
Nor ſkilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue ey'd daughters of the main,
The only ſtranger to *Diana*'s train:
Her Siſters often, as 'tis ſaid, wou'd cry,
" Fie, *Salmacis*, what always idle! fie,
" Or take thy Quiver, or thy Arrows ſeize,
" And mix the toils of hunting with thy eaſe.
Nor Quiver ſhe nor Arrows e'er wou'd ſeize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her eaſe.
But oft would bathe her in the chryſtal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid ſtreams ſhe view'd her face,
And dreſt her image in the floating glaſs:
On beds of leaves ſhe now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her ſtreams;
And then by chance was gathering, as ſhe ſtood
To view the Boy, and long'd for what ſhe view'd.

Fain wou'd ſhe meet the youth with haſty feet,
She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were ſet with niceſt care,
And well deſerv'd to be reputed fair.
" Bright youth, ſhe cries, whom all thy features prove
" A God, and, if a God, the God of love;
" But if a Mortal, bleſt thy Nurſe's breaſt,
" Bleſt are thy Parents, and thy Siſters bleſt:
" But oh how bleſt! how more than bleſt thy Bride.
" Ally'd in bliſs, if any yet allay'd.
" If ſo, let mine the Stoln enjoyments be;
" If not, behold a willing Bride in me.

The Boy knew nought of love, and toucht with ſhame,
He ſtrove, and bluſht, but ſtill the bluſh became;
In riſing bluſhes ſtill freſh beauties roſe;
The ſunny ſide of Fruit ſuch bluſhes ſhows,
And ſuch the Moon, when all her ſilver white
Turns in eclipſes to a ruddy light.
The Nymph ſtill begs, if not a nobler bliſs,
A cold ſalute at leaſt, a Siſter's kiſs:
And now prepares to take the lovely Boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, " Or leave me to my ſelf alone,
" You rude uncivil Nymph, or I'll be gone.
" Fair ſtranger then, ſays ſhe, it ſhall be ſo;
And, for ſhe fear'd his threats, ſhe feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him ſtill in ſight, her ſelf unſeen,
The Boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently ſports about the ſhore,
Playful and wanton to the ſtream he trips,
And dips his foot, and ſhivers, as he dips.
The coolneſs pleas'd him, and with eager haſte
His airy garments on the bank he caſt;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the Nymph with rapture ſpies,
While hotter paſſions in her boſom riſe,
Fluſh in her cheeks, and ſparkle in her eyes.
She longs, ſhe burns to claſp him in her arms,
And looks, and ſighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undreſt upon the banks he ſtood,
And clapt his ſides, and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the ſilver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As Lilies ſhut within a chryſtal caſe,
Receive a gloſſy luſtre from the glaſs.

" He's

" He's mine, he's all my own, the *Naïad* cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wrapt about his limbs,
The more the Boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clipt, and kist the strugling Boy.
So when the wrigling Snake is snatcht on high
In Eagle's claws, and hisses in the Sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The restless Boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs intwin'd,
" And why, coy youth, she cries, why thus unkind!
" Oh may the Gods thus keep us ever Join'd!
" Oh may we never, never part again!
So pray'd the Nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
'Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in One:
Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.

The Boy, thus lost in Woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd.
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You Parent-Gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
Hear your *Hermaphrodite*, and grant my prayer;

Oh

Oh Grant, that whomſoe'er theſe ſtreams contain,
If Man he enter'd he may riſe again
Supple unſinew'd, and but half a Man!

The heavenly Parents anſwer'd from on high,
Their two-ſhap'd ſon, the double votary;
Then gave a ſecret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its ſource to make his wiſhes good.

NOTES

NOTES

ON

Some of the foregoing STORIES *in* OVID's *Metamorphoses.*

On the Story of PHAETON, page 113

THE Story of *Phaeton* is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all *Ovid.* It is indeed the most important subject he treats of, except the Deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the Conflagration he hints at in the first Book;

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, Correptaque Regia cœli
Ardeat et mundi moles operosa laboret.

(tho' the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, if the

———*Cœli miserere tui, circumspice utrumque,*
Fumat uterque polus.

Fumas

Fumat uterque polus——comes up to *Correptaque Regiæ cæli*——Besides it is *Ovid*'s custom to prepare the reader for a following story, by giving some intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a story as this he is now upon.

P. 113. *l.* 7. *For in the Portal*, &c.] We have here the picture of the universe drawn in little.

——*Balænarumque prementem*
Ægeona suis immania terga lacertis.

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

——*Facis non omnibus Una*
Nec Diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum.

The thought is very pretty, of giving *Doris* and her daughters such a difference in their looks as is natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness as show'd their affinity.

Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvasque, feraſque,
Fluminaque, et Nymphas, et cætera numina Ruris.

The less important figures are well huddled together in the promiscuous description at the end, which very well represents what the Painters call a *Grouppe*.

——*Circum caput omne micantes*
Deposui radios; propiusque accedere jussit.

P. 114. *l.* 27. *And flung the blaze*, &c.] It gives us a great image of *Phœbus*, that the youth was forc'd to look on him at a distance, and not able to approach him 'till he had laid aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And indeed we may every where observe in *Ovid*, that he never fails of a due Loftiness in his Ideas, tho'

tho' he wants it in his Words. And this I think infinitely better than to have ſublime expreſſions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of *Claudian* and *Statius*. But this is not conſider'd by them who run down *Ovid* in the groſs, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more ſimple and unadorn'd, than his deſcription of *Enceladus* in the ſixth book?

Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque reſurgere ſæpe,
Dextra ſed Auſonio manus eſt ſubjecta Peloro,
Læva Pachyne tibi, Lilybæo crura premuntur,
Degravat Ætna caput, ſub quâ reſupinus arenas
Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhœus.

But the image we have here is truly great and ſublime, of a Giant vomiting out a tempeſt of fire, and heaving up all *Sicily*, with the body of an Iſland upon his Breaſt, and a vaſt Promontary on either Arm.

There are few books that have had worſe Commentators on them than *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*. Thoſe of the graver ſort have been wholly taken up in the *Mythologies*, and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have ſhewn us out of an old author that *Ovid* is miſtaken in a Pedigree, or has turned ſuch a Perſon into a Wolf that ought to have been made a Tiger. Others have employed themſelves on what never entered into the Poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every ſtory, and making the perſons of his poems to be only nick-names for ſuch virtues or vices; particularly the pious Commentator, *Alexander Roſs*, has dived deeper into our Author's deſign than any of the reſt; for he diſcovers in him the greateſt myſteries of the Chriſtian religion, and finds almoſt in every page ſome typical repreſentations of the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil. But if theſe writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the ſurface, moſt of them ſerving only to help out a School-boy in the conſtruing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the *Gnomæ* of the Author,

thor, as they call them, which are generally the heavieſt pieces of a Poet, diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by *Italian* characters. The beſt of *Ovid*'s Expoſitors is he that wrote for the *Dauphin*'s uſe, who has very well ſhewn the meaning of the author, but ſeldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in moſt places he rather acts the Geographer than the Critick, and inſtead of pointing out the fineneſs of a deſcription, only tells you in what part of the world the place is ſituated. I ſhall therefore only conſider *Ovid* under the character of a Poet, and endeavour to ſhew him impartially, without the uſual prejudice of a Tranſlator; which I am the more willing to do, becauſe I believe ſuch a comment would give the reader a truer taſte of poetry than a comment on any other Poet would do; for in reflecting on the ancient Poets, men think they may venture to praiſe all they meet with in ſome, and ſcarce any thing in others; but *Ovid* is confeſt to have a mixture of both kinds, to have ſomething of the beſt and worſt poets, and by conſequence to be the faireſt ſubject for criticiſm.

P. 115. *l.* 5. *My ſon, ſays he,* &c.] *Phœbus*'s ſpeech is very nobly uſher'd in, with the *Terque quaterque Concutiens Illuſtre caput*——and well repreſents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly *Ovid*'s, is the repreſenting them juſt as a father wou'd to his young ſon;

Per tamen adverſi gradieris cornua Tauri,
Hæmonioſque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,
Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.

for one while he ſcares him with bugbears in the way.

——*Vaſti quoque rector Olympi,*
Qui ſera terribili jaculetur fulmina Dextrâ
Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?

Deprecor

Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine Pœna,
Non honor eſt. Pœnam, Phaeton, pro munere poſcis.

and in other places perfectly tattles like a Father, which by the way makes the length of the ſpeech very natural, and concludes with all the fondneſs and concern of a tender Parent.

——*Patrio Pater eſſe metu probor, aſpice vultus*
Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore poſſes
Inſerere, & Patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.

P. 116. *l.* 33. *A golden axle,* &c.] *Ovid* has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin Poets, which are always wonderfully eaſie and natural in him. The repetition of *Aureus,* and the tranſition to *Argenteus,* in the deſcription of the Chariot, give theſe verſes a great ſweetneſs and majeſty.

Aureus Axis erat, temo Aureus, Aurea ſummæ
Curvatura Rotæ; radiorum Argenteus ordo.

P. 117. *l.* 24. *Drive them not on directly,* &c. Several have endeavoured to vindicate *Ovid* againſt the old objection, that he miſtakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the Sun. The *Dauphin*'s notes tell us that *Ovid* knew very well the Sun did not paſs through all the Signs he names in one day, but that he makes *Phœbus* mention them only to frighten *Phaeton* from the undertaking. But though this may anſwer for what *Phœbus* ſays in his firſt ſpeech, it cannot for what is ſaid in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

Sectus in obliquum eſt lato Curvamine limes,
Zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
Effugit auſtralem, junctamque Aquilonibus Arcton.

deſcribes the motion through all the *Zodiack.* P.

P. 118. *l.* 5. *And not my Chariot*, &c.] *Ovid*'s verſe is *Conſiliis non Curribus utere noſtris*. This way of joining two ſuch different *Ideas* as Chariot and Counſel to the ſame verb is mightily uſed by *Ovid*; but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of *Pun*, becauſe the verb muſt be taken in a different ſenſe when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this ſtory he tells you that *Jupiter* flung a thunderbolt at *Phaeton*——*Pariterque, animâque, rotiſque expulit Aurigam*, where he makes a forced piece of *Latin (Animâ expulit aurigam)* that he may couple the Soul and the Wheels to the ſame verb.

Ibid. l. 30. *The youth was in a maze*, &c.] It is impoſſible for a man to be drawn in a greater confuſion than *Phaeton* is; but the *Antitheſis* of light and darkneſs a little flattens the deſcription. *Suntque Oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen abortæ.*

Ibid. l. 33. *Then the ſeven ſtars*, &c.] I wonder none of *Ovid*'s Commentators have taken notice of the overſight he has committed in this verſe, where he makes the *Triones* grow warm before there was ever ſuch a ſign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that *Jupiter* turned *Caliſto* into this conſtellation, after he had repaired the ruins that *Phaeton* had made in the world.

P. 120. *l.* 18. Athos *and* Tmolus, &c.] *Ovid* has here, after the way of the old Poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the *Engliſh* reader, I have left out ſome of them that make no figure in the deſcription, and inverted the order of the reſt according as the ſmoothneſs of my verſe requir'd.

P. 121. *l.* 9. *'Twas then, they ſay, the ſwarthy* Moor, &c.] This is the only *Metamorphoſis* in all this long ſtory,

ſtory, which contrary to cuſtom is inſerted in the middle of it. The Criticks may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excurſion in him, who propoſes it, as his whole deſign to let us know the changes of things. I dare ſay that if *Ovid* had not religiouſly obſerved the reports of the ancient *Mythologiſts*, we ſhould have ſeen *Phaeton* turned into ſome creature or other that hates the light of the Sun; or perhaps into an Eagle that ſtill takes pleaſure to gaze on it.

P. 121. *l.* 30. *The frighted* Nile, &c. *Ovid* has made a great many pleaſant images towards the latter end of this ſtory. His verſes on the *Nile*.

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
Occuluitque caput quod adhuc latet: oſtia ſeptem
Pulverulenta vacant, ſeptem ſine Flumine Valles.

are as noble as *Virgil* could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the ſea afterwards,

Mare contrahitur, ſiccæque eſt campus Arenæ.

becauſe the thought is too near the other. The image of the *Cyclades* is a very pretty one;

——*Quos altum texerat æquor*
Exiſtunt montes, et ſparſas Cycladas augent.

but to tell us that the Swans grew warm in *Cäyſtor*,

——*Medio volucres caluere* Cäyſtro,

and that the Dolphins durſt not leap,

——*Nec ſe ſuper æquora curvi*
Tollere conſuetas audent Delphines in auras,

is

is intolerably trivial on ſo great a ſubject as the burning of the world.

P. 122. *l.* 19. *The Earth at length*, &c.] We have here a ſpeech of the *Earth*, which will doubtleſs ſeem very unnatural to an *Engliſh* reader. It is I believe the boldeſt *Proſopopœia* of any in the old Poets; or if it were never ſo natural, I cannot but think ſhe ſpeaks too much in any reaſon for one in her condition.

On EUROPA'S *Rape, page* 144.

P. 145. *l.* 13. *The dignity of empire*, &c.] This ſtory is prettily told, and very well brought in by thoſe two ſerious lines,

Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ ſede morantur,
Majeſtas et Amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c.

without which the whole fable would have appear'd very prophane.

P. 146. *l.* 21. *The frighted Nymph looks*, &c.] This conſternation and behaviour of *Europa*

——— *Eluſam deſignat imagine tauri*
Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putaras.
Ipſa videbatur terras ſpectare relictas,
Et comites clamare ſuas, tactumque vereri
Aſſilientis aquæ, timidaſque reducere plantas.

is better deſcribed in *Arachne*'s picture in the ſixth book, than it is here, and in the beginning of *Tatius* his *Clitophon* and *Leucippe*, than in either place. It is indeed uſual among the *Latin* Poets (who had more art and reflection than the *Grecian*) to take hold of all opportunities to deſcribe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action it ſelf; becauſe

becauſe in the deſcription of a picture you have a double ſubject before you, either to deſcribe the picture it ſelf, or what is repreſented in it.

On the Stories in the Third Book, page 147.

FAB. I.

There is ſo great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoſes, that he would treat of 'em rightly, ought to be a maſter of all ſtyles, and every different way of writing. *Ovid* indeed ſhews himſelf moſt in a familiar ſtory, where the chief grace is to be eaſie and natural; but wants neither ſtrength of thought nor expreſſion, when he endeavours after it, in the more ſublime and manly ſubjects of his poem In the preſent fable the Serpent is terribly deſcribed, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that repreſents them more ſtrong and maſculine than what we uſually meet with in this Poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are theſe, perhaps, which follow.

P. 149. *l.* 16. *Spire above Spire*, &c. *Ovid*, to make his Serpent more terrible, and to raiſe the character of his Champion, has given too great a looſe to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raiſed up but half his body he over-looked a tall foreſt of Oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the Serpent in the ſkies. None but a madman would have attacked ſuch a monſter as this is deſcribed to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's ſtanding againſt him. *Virgil* is not aſhamed of making *Æneas* fly and tremble at the ſight of a far leſs formidable foe, where he gives us the deſcription of *Polyphemus*, in the third book; he knew very well that a monſter was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: But we ſhould certainly have ſeen *Cadmus* hewing down the *Cyclops*, had he fallen in *Ovid*'s way; or if *Statius*'s little *Tydeus* had been thrown

thrown on *Sicily*, it is probable he would not have ſpared one of the whole brotherhood.

——— *Phœnicas, ſive illi tela parabant,*
Sive fugam, ſive ipſe timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat: ———

P. 149. *l.* 23. *In vain the* Tyrians, *&c.*] The Poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroick ſtyle: He has here ſunk into the flatneſs of proſe, where he tells us the behaviour of the *Tyrians* at the ſight of the Serpent:

——— *Tegimen direpta Leoni*
Pellis erat; telum ſplendenti Lancea ferro,
Et Jaculum; teloque animus præſtantior omni.

And in a few lines after lets drop the majeſty of his verſe, for the ſake of one of his little turns. How does he languiſh in that which ſeems a labour'd line? *Triſtia ſanguineâ lambentem vulnera linguâ.* And what pains does he take to expreſs the Serpent's breaking the force of the ſtroke, by ſhrinking back from it?

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia ſe retrahebat ab ictu,
Læſaque colla dabat retrò, plagamque ſedere
Cedendo fecit, nec longiùs ire ſinebat.

P. 151. *l.* 32. *And flings the future,* &c.] The deſcription of the men riſing out of the ground is as beautiful a paſſage as any in *Ovid:* It ſtrikes the imagination very ſtrongly; we ſee their motion in the firſt part of it, and their multitude in the *Meſſis virorum* at laſt.

P. 152. *l.* 3. *The breathing harveſt,* &c.] *Meſſis clypeata virorum.* The beauty in theſe words would have been greater, had only *Meſſis virorum* been expreſſed without *clypeata*; for the reader's mind would have been delighted with

with two such different Ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all Three.

This way of mixing two different Ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprize to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The *Latin* Poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them, for the more correct use it but sparingly, as indeed the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithete of what we describe. Thus *Claudian*, having got a hollow ball of Chrystal with water in the midst of it for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the Chrystal as hard, stony, precious Water, and the Water as soft, fluid, imperfect Chrystal; and thus sports off above a dozen Epigrams, in setting his Words and Ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him, but he gives himself up so much to this way of writing, that a man may easily know where to meet with them when he sees his Subject, and often strains so hard for them that he many times makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with *Virgil*'s Golden Bough, had he been to describe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow Bark, golden Sprouts, radiant Leaves, blooming Metal, branching Gold, and all the Quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures: When we see *Virgil* contented with his *Auri frondentis*; and what is the same, though much finer expressed, —— *Frondescit virga Metallo.* This composition of different Ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where circumstances are happily reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the *Latin* Poets, (for the *Greeks* wanted Art for it) in their descriptions of Pictures, Images, Dreams, Apparitions, Metamorphoses, and

and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting Ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse, which, perhaps, is the Wittiest in *Virgil*; *Attollens humeris Famamque et Fata nepotum, Æn.* 8. where he describes *Æneas* carrying on his Shoulders the Reputation and Fortunes of his Posterity; which, though very odd and surprizing, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing Ideas are reconciled, and his Posterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the shield. Thus when *Ovid* tells us that *Pallas* tore in pieces *Arachne*'s work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the Gods had committed, he says. *Rupit cœlestia Crimina.* I shall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent stroke of this nature, out of Mr. *Montagu*'s Poem to the King; where he tells us how the King of *France* would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as King *William*'s at the fight of the *Boyn:*

His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run *for ever* purple *in the Looms.*

FAB. II.

P. 152. *l.* 27. *Here* Cadmus *reign'd.*] This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of *Actæon*, which is all naturally told. The Goddess, and her Maids undressing her, are described with diverting circumstances. *Actæon*'s flight, confusion and griefs are passionately represented; but it is pity the whole Narration should be so carelessly closed up,

——— Ut abesse queruntur,
Nec capere oblatæ segnem spectacula prædæ.
Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,
Non etiam sentire, Canum fera facta suorum.

P.

P. 155. *l.* 26. *A generous pack,* &c.] I have not here troubled my self to call over *Actæon*'s pack of dogs in rhime; *Spot* and *Whitefoot* make but a mean figure in heroick verse, and the *Greek* names *Ovid* uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jest on it, *Quosque referre mora est* ——— which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.

This way of inserting Catalogues of proper names in their Poems, the *Latins* took from the *Greeks*, but have made them more pleasing than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons names; in which part *Ovid*'s copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the Poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our *English* verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battle, to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the event, and a lively Idea of the numbers that are engaged. For had *Homer* or *Virgil* only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every Leader singled out, and every Regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

FAB. III.

P. 157. *l.* 8. *How* Semele, *&c.*] This is one of *Ovid*'s finish'd stories. The transition to it is proper and unforced: *Juno*, in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting Goddess and a tattling Nurse: *Jupiter* makes a very majestick figure with his Thunder and Lightning, but it is still such a one as shows who drew it; for who does not plainly discover *Ovid*'s hand in the

Quà tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœa,

Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum
Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit Iræ,
Tela Secunda vocant superi.——

P. 158. *l.* 4. *'Tis well, says she,* &c.] *Virgil* has made a *Beroë* of one of his Goddesses in the fifth *Æneid*; but if we compare the speech she there makes with that of her name-sake in this story, we may find the genius of each Poet discovering it self in the language of the Nurse: *Virgil*'s *Iris* could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape; but *Juno* is so much altered from her self in *Ovid*, that the Goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

FAB. V.

P. 162. *l.* 5. *She can't begin,* &c.] If playing on words be excusable in any Poem it is in this, where *Echo* is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that if it deserves excuse it can claim no more.

Mr. *Locke*, in his *Essay of human Understanding*, has given us the best account of Wit in short, that can any where be met with. Wit, says he, lyes in the assemblage of Ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. Thus does True Wit, as this incomparable Author observes, generally consist in the Likeness of Ideas, and is more or less Wit, as this likeness in Ideas is more surprizing and unexpected. But as True wit is nothing else but a similitude in Ideas, so is False wit the similitude in Words, whether it lyes in the likeness of Letters only, as in Anagram and Acrostic; or of Syllables, as in Doggerel rhimes; or whole Words, as Puns, Echo's, and the like. Besides these two kinds of False and True wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it. When in two Ideas that have some resem-

reſemblance with each other, and are both expreſſed by the ſame word, we make uſe of the ambiguity of the word to ſpeak that of one Idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, moſt languages have hit on the word, which properly ſignifies Fire, to expreſs Love by, (and therefore we may be ſure there is ſome reſemblance in the Ideas mankind have of them) from hence the witty Poets of all languages, when they have once called Love a fire, conſider it no longer as the paſſion, but ſpeak of it under the notion of a real fire, and as the turn of wit requires, make the ſame word in the ſame ſentence ſtand for either of the Ideas that is annexed to it. When *Ovid*'s *Apollo* falls in love he burns with a new flame; when the Sea-Nymphs languiſh with this paſſion, they kindle in the water; the *Greek* Epigrammatiſt fell in love with one that flung a ſnow-ball at him, and therefore takes occaſion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in ſnow. In ſhort, whenever the Poet feels any thing in this love that reſembles ſomething in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding inſtances, he finds any circumſtance in his love contrary to the nature of Fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumſtance to it ſurpriſes his reader with a ſeeming contradiction. I ſhould not have dwelt ſo long on this inſtance, had it not been ſo frequent in *Ovid*, who is the greateſt admirer of this mixed wit of all the Ancients, as our *Cowley* is among the Moderns. *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and the greateſt Poets ſcorned it, as indeed it is only fit for Epigram and little copies of verſes; one would wonder therefore how ſo ſublime a genius as *Milton* could ſometimes fall into it, in ſuch a work as an Epic Poem. But we muſt attribute it to his humouring the vicious taſte of the age he lived in, and the falſe judgment of our unlearned *Engliſh* readers, in general, who have few of them a reliſh of the more maſculine and noble beauties of Poetry.

FAB. VI.

Ovid ſeems particularly pleaſed with the ſubject of this ſtory, but has notoriouſly fallen into a fault he is often

ten taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of *Narcissus*'s being the person beloved, and the lover too?

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.
——Qui probat, ipse probatur.
Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet,
Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.
Perque oculos perit ipse suos———
Uror amore mei flammas moveoque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of *Ovid*'s fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story, of *Narcissus*'s gazing on his face after death in the *Stygian* waters. The design was very bold, of making a Boy fall in love with himself here on earth, but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

P. 163. *l.* 2. *But whilst within*, &c.] *Dumque sitim sedare cupit sitis altera crevit.* We have here a touch of that Mixed wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of Pun in it out-weighs the True wit; for if we express the thought in other words the turn is almost lost. This passage of *Narcissus* probably gave *Milton* the hint of applying it to *Eve*, though I think her surprize at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural, than this of *Narcissus*. She was a raw unexperienc'd Being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but *Narcissus* had been in the world sixteen years, was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore supposed to be conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

P. 163. *l.* 32. *You trees, says he*, &c.] *Ovid* is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his Poem. They have generally abundance of Nature in them, but I leave

leave it to better judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The Poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the Poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great Critick has admirably well observed, *Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam Lachrymæ subito excrescit, et difficile est Auditorem vel Lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere.* Would any one in *Narcissus*'s condition have cry'd out—*Inopem me Copia fecit?* Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflection?

O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem!
Votum in Amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abesset.

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in *Ovid*, that he employs his Invention more than his Judgment, and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

FAB. VII.

P. 167. *l.* 3. *When* Pentheus *thus.*] There is a great deal of spirit and fire in this speech of *Pentheus*, but I believe none besides *Ovid* would have thought of the transformation of the Serpent's teeth for an incitement to the *Thebans* courage, when he desires them not to degenerate from their great Fore-father the *Dragon*, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

Este, precor memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,
Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,

Sumite ſerpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque
Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite veſtrâ.
Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
Et patrium revocate Decus.——————

FAB. VIII.

The ſtory of *Acetus* has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the deſcription of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the ſailors characters and manners. But the ſhort ſpeeches ſcattered up and down in it, which make the *Latin* very natural, cannot appear ſo well in our language, which is much more ſtubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as ſo many rubs in the ſtory, that are ſtill turning the narration out of its proper courſe. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

FAB. IX.

Ovid has two very good Similies on *Pentheus*, where he compares him to a River in a former ſtory, and to a Warhorſe in the preſent.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

PHÆDRA *and* HIPPOLITUS.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

LONG has a Race of Heroes fill'd the Stage,
That rant by Note, and through the Gamut rage:
In Songs and Airs expreſs their martial Fire,
Combat in Trills, and in a Fuge expire;
While lull'd by Sound, and undiſturb'd by Wit,
Calm and Serene you indolently ſit:
And from the dull Fatigue of Thinking free,
Here the facetious Fiddles Repartee:
Our Home-ſpun Authors muſt forſake the Field,
And *Shakeſpear* to the ſoft *Scarletti* yield.

To your new Taſte the Poet of this Day,
Was by a Friend advis'd to form his Play;
Had *Valentini*, muſically coy,
Shun'd *Phædra's* Arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd Joy,
It had not mov'd your Wonder to have ſeen
An Eunuch fly from an enamour'd Queen:
How would it pleaſe ſhould ſhe in *Engliſh* ſpeak,
And could *Hippolitus* reply in *Greek?*
But he, a Stranger to your Modiſh Way,
By your old Rules muſt ſtand or fall to-day.
And hopes you will your Foreign Taſte command,
To bear, for once, with what you underſtand.

AN ESSAY ON *VIRGIL*'s GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the firſt who introduced three new kinds of Poetry among the *Romans*, which he copied after three the greateſt maſters of *Greece*. *Theocritus* and *Homer* have ſtill diſputed for the advantage over him in *Paſtoral* and *Heroics*, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to *Heſiod* in his *Georgics*. The truth of it is, the ſweetneſs and ruſticity of a *Paſtoral* cannot be ſo well expreſſed in any other tongue as in the *Greek*, when rightly mixed and qualified with the *Doric* dialect; nor can the majeſty of an Heroic Poem any where appear ſo well as in this language, which has a natural greatneſs in it, and can be often rendred more deep and ſonorous by the pronunciation of the *Ionians*. But in the Middle ſtyle, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we ſee how far *Virgil* has excelled all who have written in the ſame way with him.

There has been abundance of Criticiſm ſpent on *Virgil*'s *Paſtorals* and *Æneids*, but the *Georgics* are a ſubject which

none of the Critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with *Pastoral*; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a Husbandman ought to be imitated in a *Georgic*, as that of a Shepherd is in *Pastoral*. But though the scene of both these Poems lies in the same place; the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a Plowman, but with the address of a Poet. No rules therefore that relate to *Pastoral*, can any way affect the *Georgics*, since they fall under that class of Poetry, which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be Moral duties, as those of *Theognis* and *Pythagoras*; or Philosophical speculations, as those of *Aratus* and *Lucretius* or Rules of practice, as those of *Hesiod* and *Virgil*. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the *Georgics* go upon, is I think the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from Ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of Poetry. Natural Philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the Reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of Poetry I am now speaking of, addresses it self wholly to the imagination: It is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of Nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us; and makes the dryest of its precepts look like a description. *A* Georgic *therefore is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the Beauties and Embellishments of Poetry.* Now since this science of Husbandry is of a very large extent, the Poet shews his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. *Virgil* was so well acquainted with this secret,

that

that to set off his first *Georgic*, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the Signs in Nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brede of needlework, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easie method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner: For there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to chuse the pleasanteſt of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes Poetry from Prose, and makes *Virgil*'s rules of Husbandry pleasanter to read than *Varro*'s. Where the Prose-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the Poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his Country-man performing the Action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out, as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us: the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the *Georgics*, where the reader may see the different ways *Virgil* has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second *Georgic*, where he tells us what Trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala

Ferre

Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidoſa rubeſcere corna.
——— *Steriles Platani malos geſſere valentes,*
Caſtaneæ fagos, ornuſque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: Glandemque ſues fregere ſub ulmis.
——— *Nec longum tempus: et ingens*
Exiit ad Cœlum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma.

Here we ſee the Poet conſidered all the effects of this union between Trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the moſt ſurprize, and by conſequence the moſt delight in it, to expreſs the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in uſe among the Poets, and is particularly practiſed by *Virgil*, who loves to ſuggeſt a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us ſee juſt ſo much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the underſtanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an Idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the Mind, which is always delighted with its own diſcoveries, only takes the hint from the Poet, and ſeems to work out the reſt by the ſtrength of her own faculties.

But ſince the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tireſom to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the Poet muſt take care not to encumber his Poem with too much buſineſs; but ſometimes to relieve the Subject with a moral reflection, or let it reſt awhile for the ſake of a pleaſant and pertinent digreſſion. Nor is it ſufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digreſſions (as it is generally thought) unleſs they are brought in aptly, and are ſomething of a piece with the main deſign of the *Georgic:* For they ought to have a remote alliance at leaſt to the ſubject, that ſo the whole Poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We ſhould never quite loſe ſight of the Country, though we are ſometimes entertained with a diſtant proſpect of it. Of this nature are *Virgil*'s deſcriptions of the original of *Agriculture*,

Agriculture, of the fruitfulneſs of *Italy*, of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally riſe out of the principal argument and deſign of the Poem. I know no one digreſſion in the *Georgics* that may ſeem to contradict this obſervation, beſides that in the latter end of the Firſt book, where the Poet launches out into a diſcourſe of the battel of *Pharſalia*, and the actions of *Auguſtus*: But it is worth while to conſider how admirably he has turned the courſe of his narration into its proper channel, and made his Husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battel, in thoſe inimitable lines,

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exeſa inveniet ſcabra rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanes,
Grandiaque effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulchris.

And afterwards ſpeaking of *Auguſtus*'s actions, he ſtill remembers that *Agriculture* ought to be ſome way hinted at throughout the whole Poem.

——— *Non ullus aratro*
Dignus honos: ſqualent abductis arva colonis:
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in enſem.

We now come to the Style which is proper to a *Georgic*; and indeed this is the part on which the Poet muſt lay out all his ſtrength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he deſcribes may immediately preſent it ſelf, and raiſe up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his ſubject debaſe his ſtyle, and betray him into a meanneſs of expreſſion, but every where to keep up his verſe in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a Phraſe or ſaying in common talk, ſhould be admitted into a ſerious Poem; becauſe it takes off from the ſolemnity of the expreſſion, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: Much leſs ought the low phraſes and terms of art, that are adapted to Huſbandry,

bandry, have any place in such a work as the *Georgic*, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that Poetry can bestow on it. Thus *Virgil*, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *Tempore* but *Sydere* in his first verse; and every where else abounds with *Metaphors*, *Grecisms*, and *Circumlocutions*, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a *Plebeian* style. And herein consists *Virgil*'s masterpiece, who has not only excelled all other Poets, but even himself in the language of his *Georgics*; where we receive more strong and lively *Ideas* of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves: And find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that *Hesiod* and *Virgil* have met with in this kind of Poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the *Georgics*. To begin with *Hesiod*; if we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the Husbandman than the Poet in his temper: He was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal, he lived altogether in the country, and was probably for his great prudence the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good Husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole *Georgic*. His method in describing month after month with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprize and variety of the Poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern Almanack in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may before-hand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sunshine in the next description. His descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress.

Thus

Thus when he speaks of *January*, 'The wild beasts, says 'he, run shivering through the woods with their heads 'stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their 'legs; the Goats and Oxen are almost flea'd with cold; 'but it is not so bad with the Sheep, because they have 'a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too 'are bitterly pincht with the weather, but the young girls 'feel nothing of it, who sit at home with their mothers 'by a warm fire-side.' Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just Poetical description. Nor has he shewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick, that they clog the Poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a *Georgic:* Where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work; but if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of Tillage and Planting into two books, which *Hesiod* has dispatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both Poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright Countryman, and in the other, something of a rustick majesty, like that of a *Roman* Dictator at the plow-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur, he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of *Aratus*, where we may see how judiciously he has pickt out those that are most proper for his Husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors than any of the rest. The Poet with

with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his Trees. The last *Georgic* has indeed as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a Bee, than to an inanimate Plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a Country life, as they are described by *Virgil* in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of *Virgil*'s mind in preferring even the life of a Philosopher to it.

We may I think, read the Poet's clime in his description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it.

——— *O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi*
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottos, which a more Northern Poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fire-side.

The Third *Georgic* seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the Horse and Chariot-race. The force of Love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The *Scythian* winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The Murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the Poet strained hard to out-do *Lucretius* in the description of his plague, and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in *Scaliger*.

But *Virgil* seems no where so well pleased, as when he is got among his Bees in the Fourth *Georgic*: and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battels of *Æneas* and *Turnus*, than in the engagement of two swarms. And

as

as in his *Æneis* he compares the labours of his *Trojans* to those of Bees and Pismires, here he compares the labours of the Bees to those of the *Cyclops*. In short, the last *Georgic* was a good prelude to the *Æneis*; and very well shewed what the Poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an Insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of *Rapin*. The speech of *Proteus* at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the Beauties in the *Georgics*, I should in the next place endeavour to point out its Imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that Poem, which lay so long under *Virgil*'s correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first *Georgic* was probably burlesqued in the Author's life time; for we still find in the Scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from *Hesiod*. *Nudus ara, sere nudus* —— And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary Critick, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure *Virgil* would not have translated it from *Hesiod*, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in *Virgil*, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and plowing Naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the Hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the style of the *Georgics* with that of *Lucretius*, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of *Miscellany Poems*; but shall conclude this Poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finish'd piece of all Antiquity. The *Æneis* indeed is of a Nobler kind, but the *Georgic* is more Perfect in

in its kind. The *Æneis* has a greater variety of beauties in it, but thoſe of the *Georgic* are more exquiſite. In ſhort, the *Georgic* has all the perfection that can be expected in a Poem written by the greateſt Poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment ſettled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

CATO.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

BY

His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum.

Sen. de Divin. Prov.

VERSES

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

TRAGEDY of *CATO.*

WHILE *you the fierce divided* Britons *awe,*
And Cato *with an equal virtue, draw,*
While Envy is it ſelf in Wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud you moſt;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himſelf, not you, to recommend,
And join th' applauſe which all the Learn'd beſtow
On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.

To

*To my * light Scenes I once inscrib'd your name,*
And impotently strove to borrow fame:
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a work thine.

* Tender Husband, *Dedicated to Mr.* Addison.

RICHARD STEELE.

THO' Cato *shines in* Virgil's *epick song,*
Prescribing laws among th' Elysian *throng;*
Tho' Lucan's *verse, exalted by his name,*
O'er Gods themselves has rais'd the Hero's fame;
The Roman *stage did ne'er his image see,*
Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
We hear his voice, asserting virtue's cause;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy scene appears.

On Tyber's *banks thy thought was first inspir'd;*
'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's *ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,*
Thy happy Muse this manly work design'd:
Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's *Genius stand,*
And, leading Cato *in his sacred hand,*
Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praise.

'Tis done — the Heroe lives, and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the British *stage.*
Great Shakespear's *ghost, the solemn strain to hear,*
(Methinks I see the laurel'd Shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the Scene, and wond'ring view
His fav'rite Brutus *rival'd thus by you.* *Such*

Such Roman *greatneſs in each action ſhines,*
Such Roman *eloquence adorns your lines,*
That ſure the Sibylls *books this year foretold,*
And in ſome myſtick leaf was ſeen inroll'd,
' Rome, *turn thy mournful eyes from* Africk's *ſhore,*
' *Nor in her ſands thy* Cato's *tomb explore!*
' *When thrice ſix hundred times the circling Sun*
' *His annual race ſhall thro' the Zodiack run,*
' *An Iſle remote his monument ſhall rear,*
' *And every generous* Briton *pay a tear.*

J. HUGHES.

WHAT *do we ſee! is* Cato then *become*
A greater name in Britain *than in* Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Tho' Lucan, Horace, Virgil *wrote before?*
How will Poſterity this truth explain?
" Cato *begins to live in* Anna's *reign:*
The World's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Riſe in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illuſtrious deeds in diſtant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed Heroes taught,
Raiſe in your ſoul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and conſecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you ſubdue,
And Cæſar *fought, and* Cato *bled for you.*

All-Souls College,
Oxen.

EDWARD YOUNG.

'TIS *nobly done thus to enrich the ſtage,*
And raiſe the thoughts of a degenerate age,
To ſhow, how endleſs joys from freedom ſpring:
How life in bondage is a worthleſs thing.

The

The inborn greatneſs of your ſoul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few.
With ſo much ſtrength you write, and ſo much eaſe,
Virtue, and ſenſe! how durſt you hope to pleaſe?
Yet crowds the ſentiments of every line
Impartial clap'd, and own'd the work divine.
Even the four Criticks, who malicious came,
Eager to cenſure, and reſolv'd to blame,
Finding the Heroe regularly riſe,
Great, while he lives, but greater when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obſtinate to melt,
And ſicken'd with the pleaſures, which they felt.
Not ſo the Fair *their paſſions ſecret kept,*
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
When gloriouſly the blooming Marcus *dy'd,*
And Cato *told the Gods,* I'm ſatisfy'd.

See! how your lays the Britiſh *youth inflame!*
They long to ſhoot, and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres diſturb their reſt,
And unborn Cato's *heave in every breaſt;*
Their nightly dreams their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulſes high with fancy'd glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian *ſpoils,*
The young Themiſtocles *vow'd equal toils;*
Did then his ſchemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he ſaw.

How ſhall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Loſt in the ſpreading circle of your fame!
We ſaw you the great William's *praiſe rehearſe,*
And paint Britannia's *joys in* Roman *verſe.*
We heard at diſtance ſoft, enchanting ſtrains,
From blooming mountains, *and* Italian *Plains.*
Virgil *began in* Engliſh *dreſs to ſhine,*
His voice, his looks, his grandeur ſtill divine.
From him too ſoon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid *to our view.*

Then,

Then, the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal Marlb'rough *was your daring song;*
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue;
Still with the Heroe's glow'd the Poet's flame,
Still with his conquests you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundless raptures here the Muse could swell,
And on your Rosamond *for ever dwell:*
There opening sweets, and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant smile, a never-fading bower.
Next, human follies kindly to expose,
You change from numbers, but not sink in prose:
Whether in visionary scenes you play,
Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buskin'd Muse you shine confest,
The Patriot kindles in the Poet's breast.
Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
Tho' unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:
Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
Thy nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.
The chastest Virgin needs no blushes fear,
The Learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, hear.
The Libertine, in pleasures us'd to roul,
And idly sport with an immortal soul,
Here comes, and by the virtuous Heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.

When e'er you traverse vast Numidia's *plains,*
What sluggish Briton *in his Isle remains?*
When Juba *seeks the Tiger with delight,*
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight.
By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
And in the chilling East-wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how the stream refines,
'Till by degrees the floating mirrour shines?
While hurricanes in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,

We ſhrink with horror, and confeſs our fear,
And all the ſudden ſounding ruine hear.
When purple robes, diſtain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia *beautifully grieve,*
When ſhe her ſecret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
Well may the Prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan *crown, but* Roman *bride.*

But I in vain on ſingle features dwell,
While all the parts of the fair piece excell.
So rich the ſtore, ſo dubious is the feaſt,
We know not, which to paſs, or which to taſte.
The ſhining incidents ſo juſtly fall,
We may the whole new ſcenes of tranſport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wandering eyes,
And with variety of gemms ſurpriſe.
Here Saphires, *here the* Sardian Stone *is ſeen,*
The Topaz *yellow, and the* Jaſper *green.*
The coſtly Brilliant *there, confus'dly bright,*
From numerous ſurfaces darts trembling light.
The different colours mingling in a blaze,
Silent we ſtand, unable where to praiſe,
In pleaſure ſweetly loſt ten thouſand ways.

Trinity College,
Cambridge.

L. EUSDEN.

TOO *long hath Love engroſs'd* Britannia's *ſtage,*
And ſunk to ſoftneſs all our tragic rage;
By that alone did empires fall or riſe,
And fate depended on a fair one's eyes:
The ſweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it ſooth'd the heart.
You ſcorn to raiſe a grief thy ſelf muſt blame,
Nor from our weakneſs ſteal a vulgar fame:

A

A Patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.

How do our souls with gen'rous pleasure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm Hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings venerably great;
Rome's *poor remains still shelt'ring by his side,*
With conscious virtue, and becoming pride.

The aged Oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight.
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.

Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our Patriots sadden at his glorious woes,
A while they let the world's great business wait,
Anxious for Rome, *and sigh for* Cato's *fate.*
Here taught how ancient Heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons *crowd, and catch the* Roman *flame.*
Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And Kings and Priests without a blush appear.

France *boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,*
Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British *arms, and* British *wit:*
No more she'll wonder, (forc'd to do us right)
Who think like Romans, *could like* Romans *fight.*

Thy Oxford *smiles this glorious work to see,*
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,

In thee we find: each deed, each word expreſt,
And every thought that ſwell'd a Roman *breaſt*
We trace each hint that could thy ſoul inſpire
With Virgil's *judgment, and with* Lucan's *fire;*
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boaſt,
We moſt admire, becauſe we know thee moſt.

Queen's-College,
Oxon. THO. TICKELL.

SIR,

WHEN your generous labour firſt I view'd,
And Cato's *hands in his own blood imbru'd;*
That ſcene of death ſo terrible appears,
My ſoul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with ſuch wond'rous art your skilful hand
Does all the paſſions of the ſoul command,
That even my grief to praiſe and wonder turn'd.
And envy'd the great death which firſt I mourn'd.

What pen but yours could draw the doubtful ſtrife,
Of honour ſtrugling with the love of life?
Deſcribe the Patriot, obſtinately good,
As hovering o'er eternity he ſtood:
The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing ſight, and Heaven the diſtant ſhore.
Secure of endleſs bliſs, with fearleſs eyes,
He graſps the dagger, and its point defies,
And ruſhes out of Life, to ſnatch the glorious prize.

How would old Rome *rejoice, to hear you tell*
How juſt her Patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
Recount his wond'rous probity and truth,
And form new Juba's *in the* Britiſh *youth.*
Their generous ſouls, when he reſigns his breath,
Are pleas'd with ruine, and in love with death.

And

And when her conquering sword Britannia *draws,*
Resolve to perish, or defend her cause.
Now first on Albion's *theatre we see,*
A perfect image of what man should be;
The glorious character is now express,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breast.
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In Cato's *soul, as in her Heaven she shines.*

All Souls College,
Oxen. DIGBY COTES.

Left with the Printer by an unknown hand.

NOW we may speak, since Cato *speaks no more;*
'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before;
When crowded theatres with Iös *rung*
Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung:
Even civil rage awhile in thine was lost;
And factions strove but to applaud thee most:
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste;
But every night was dearer than the last.

As when old Rome *in a malignant hour*
Depriv'd of some returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd:
And, while his god-like figure mov'd along,
Alternate passions fir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from every tongue.
So in they pompous lines has Cato *far'd,*
Grac'd with an ample, tho' a late reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.

With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's *temple rear'd on* Libya's *waste:*
Behold its glowing paint! its easie weight!
Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
How chaste the conduct, how divine the rage!
A Roman *Worthy on a* Grecian *stage!*

But where shall Cato's *praise begin or end;*
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmest Patriot, and the gentlest Friend?
How great his genius, when the traytor crowd
Ready to strike the blow, their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and listning to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus *new in early death appears,*
While Cato *counts his wounds, and not his years;*
Who, checking private grief, the publick mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns.
But when he strikes, (to crown his generous part)
That honest, staunch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs pursue his parting breath;
The dying Roman *shames the pomp of death.*

O sacred Freedom, which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If taught by thee, the Poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his Hero's blood:
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood, and thy remembrance warm:

Be this thy guardian image ſtill ſecure;
In vain ſhall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium *ſhall perform its part,*
Fix'd and enſhrin'd in every Britiſh *heart.*

THE *mind to virtue is by verſe ſubdu'd;*
And the true Poet is a publick good.
This Britain *feels, while, by your lines inſpir'd,*
Her free-born ſons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome *had you eſpous'd the vanquiſh'd cauſe,*
Enflam'd her ſenate, and upheld her laws;
Your manly ſcenes had liberty reſtor'd,
And given the juſt ſucceſs to Cato's *ſword:*
O'er Cæſar's *arms your genius had prevail'd;*
And the Muſe triumph'd, where the Patriot fail'd.

AMBR. PHILIPS.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. *POPE.*

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

TO *wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,*
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the Stage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The Heroe's glory, or the Virgin's love;
In pitying Love we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more generous cauſe,
Such tears as Patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardor riſe,
And calls forth Roman *drops from* Britiſh *eyes.*
Virtue confeſt in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato *thought, and God-like* Cato *was:*
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heaven it ſelf ſurveys;
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate!
While Cato *gives his little Senate laws,*
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Even when proud Cæſar *'midſt triumphal cars,*
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome *her* Cato's *figure drawn in ſtate,*
As her dead father's reverend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt,
The triumph ceas'd ——— *tears guſh'd from every eye,*
The world's great victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome *ador'd,*
And honour'd Cæſar's *leſs than* Cato's *ſword.*

Briton's *attend: be worth like this approv'd,*
And ſhow you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato *view'd*
Rome *learning arts from* Greece, *whom ſhe ſubdu'd.*
Our ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French *tranſlations, and* Italian *ſong:*

Dare

Dare to have ſenſe your ſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone ſhould pleaſe a British *ear,*
As Cato's *ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

CATO.	Mr. *Booth.*
Lucius, *a Senator.*	Mr. *Keen.*
Sempronius, *a Senator.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Juba, *Prince of* Numidia.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Syphax, *General of the* Numidians	Mr. *Cibber.*
Portius, } *Sons of* Cato.	Mr. *Powel.*
Marcus, }	Mr. *Ryan.*
Decius, *Ambaſſador from* Cæſar.	Mr. *Bowman.*

Mutineers, Guards, &c,

WOMEN.

Marcia, *Daughter to* Cato.	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Lucia, *Daughter to* Lucius.	Mrs. *Porter.*

SCENE, *a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of* Utica.

CATO.

CATO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS.

THE dawn is over-caſt, the morning lours,
And heavily in clouds bring on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of *Cato* and of *Rome* —— Our Father's Death
Would fill up all the guilt of Civil war,
And cloſe the ſcene of blood. Already *Cæſar*
Has ravaged more than half the globe, and ſees
Mankind grown thin by his deſtructive ſword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battels, and ſupport his crimes.
Ye Gods, what havock does Ambition make
Among your works!

Mar. Thy ſteddy temper, *Portius*,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and *Cæſar*,
In the calm lights of mild Philoſophy;
I'm tortur'd, even to madneſs, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's named
Pharſalia riſes to my view! —— I ſee
Th' inſulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field

Strow'd with *Rome*'s citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His Horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blood!
Oh *Portius*, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mixt with too much horrour to be envy'd:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of Ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His sufferings shine and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and *Rome*.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

Mar. Who knows not this? but what can *Cato* do
Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to *Cæsar*?
Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forms
A poor epitome of *Roman* greatness,
And, cover'd with *Numidian* guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate;
Remnants of mighty battels fought in vain.
By Heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul: Our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
Our understanding traces 'em in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Mar. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh *Portius*, didst thou taste but half the griefs

That

That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpity'd, and succesless love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind!

Por. Thou see'st not that thy Brother is thy Rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*

Now, *Marcus*, now, thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant Love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy *Cato*'s son.

Mar. Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that *Marcus* is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse,
I feel it here: my resolution melts——

Por. Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* Prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
To copy out our Father's bright example.
He love's our sister *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him.
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour, and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an *African*, shall *Juba*'s heir
Reproach great *Cato*'s son, and shew the world
A virtue wanting in a *Roman* soul?

Mar. *Portius*, no more! your words leave ſtings behind 'em.
When-e'er did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, ſhow
A virtue that has caſt me at a diſtance,
And thrown me out in the purſuits of honour?

Por. *Marcus*, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of diſhonour on it,
It ſtrait takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Mar. A Brother's ſufferings claim a Brother's pity.

Por. Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Even whilſt I ſpeak———Do they not ſwim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would ſee it bleed in his behalf.

Mar. Why then doſt treat me with rebukes, inſtead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly ſorrow?

Por. O *Marcus*, did I know the way to eaſe
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Mar. Thou beſt of brothers, and thou beſt of Friends!
Pardon a weak diſtemper'd ſoul, that ſwells
With ſudden guſts, and ſinks as ſoon in calms,
The ſport of paſſions:——but *Sempronius* comes:
He muſt not find this ſoftneſs hanging on me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

Sem. Conſpiracies no ſooner ſhould be form'd
Than executed. What means *Portius* here?
I like not that cold youth. I muſt diſſemble,
And ſpeak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aſide.*
Good-morrow *Portius!* let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilſt yet we both are free.
To morrow ſhould we thus expreſs our friendſhip,
Each might receive a ſlave into his arms:

This

This Sun perhaps, this morning Sun's the laſt,
That e'er ſhall riſe on *Roman* Liberty.
Por. My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman Senate,
(The leavings of *Pharſalia*) to conſult
If yet he can oppoſe the mighty torrent
That bears down *Rome*, and all her gods, before it,
Or muſt at length give up the world to *Cæſar*.
Sem. Not all the pomp and majeſty of *Rome*
Can raiſe her Senate more than *Cato*'s preſence.
His virtues render our aſſembly awful,
They ſtrike with ſomething like religious fear,
And make even *Cæſar* tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conqueſt: O my *Portius*,
Could I but call that wondrous Man my Father,
Would but thy ſiſter *Marcia* be propitious,
To thy friend's vows; I might be bleſs'd indeed!
Por. Alas! *Sempronius*, would'ſt thou talk of love
To *Marcia*, whilſt her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'ſt as well court the pale trembling Veſtal,
When ſhe beholds the holy flame expiring.
Sem. The more I ſee the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou muſt take heed, my *Portius!*
The world has all its eyes on *Cato*'s ſon.
Thy father's merit ſets thee up to view,
And ſhows thee in the faireſt point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conſpicuous.
Por. Well doſt thou ſeem to check my lingring here
On this important hour———I'll ſtrait away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet,
In cloſe debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the ſoldier's drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life:
I'll thunder to their ears their country's cauſe,
And try to rouſe up all that's *Roman* in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to Command ſucceſs,
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll Deſerve it. [*Exit.*

Sem.

Sem. (solus.) Curse on the Stripling! how he apes his Sire!
Ambitiously sententious!——but I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not; his *Numidian* genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And every moment quickned to the course,
——*Cato* has us'd me ill: he has refused
His daughter *Marcia* to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruined cause,
Are bars to my ambition. *Cæsar*'s favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To *Rome*'s first honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But *Syphax* comes!——

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

Syph. ——*Sempronius*, all is ready,
I've sounded my *Numidians*, man by man,
And find 'em ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of *Cato*'s discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.
Sem. Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no time to waste;
Even whilst we speak, our Conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not *Cæsar*'s active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war: in vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march:
The *Alpes* and *Pyreneans* sink before him,
Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,
Impatient for the battel: one day more

Will

Will ſet the Victor thundering at our gates,
But tell me, haſt thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba?*
That ſtill would recommend thee more to *Cæſar*,
And challenge better terms.

Syph. Alas! he's loſt,
He's loſt, *Sempronius*; all his thoughts are full
Of *Cato*'s virtues:——but I'll try once more
(For every inſtant I expect him here)
If yet I can ſubdue thoſe ſtubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his *Numidian* temper,
And ſtruck the infection into all his ſoul.

Sem. Be ſure to preſs upon him every motive.
Juba's ſurrender, ſince his father's death,
Would give up *Africk* into *Cæſar*'s hands,
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

Syph. But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou muſt be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will diſcern
Our frauds, unleſs they're cover'd thick with art.

Sem. Let me alone, good *Syphax*. I'll conceal
My thoughts in paſſion ('tis the ſureſt way;)
I'll bellow out for *Rome* and for my country,
And mouth at *Cæſar* 'till I ſhake the Senate.
Your cold hypocriſy's a ſtale device,
A worn-out trick: would'ſt thou be thought in earneſt?
Cloath thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to inſtruct grey-hairs,
And teach the wily *African* deceit!

Sem. Once more, be ſure to try thy ſkill on *Juba*.
Mean while I'll haſten to my *Roman* ſoldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their diſcontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd-for, and diſcharge themſelves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we muſt work in haſte:
O think what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of plots, and their laſt fatal periods.

Oh!

Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Deſtruction hangs on every word we ſpeak,
On every thought, 'till the concluding ſtroke
Determines all, and cloſes our deſign. [*Exit.*

Syph. (ſolus) I'll try if yet I can reduce to reaſon
This head ſtrong youth, and make him ſpurn at *Cato*.
The time is ſhort, *Cæſar* comes ruſhing on us———
But hold! young *Juba* ſees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have obſerv'd of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercaſt with gloomy cares, and diſcontent;
Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brows in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry ſmiles and ſun-ſhine in my face,
When diſcontent ſits heavy at my heart,
I have not yet ſo much the *Roman* in me.

Jub. Why do'ſt thou caſt out ſuch ungenerous terms
Againſt the Lords and Sov'reigns of the world?
Doſt thou not ſee mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their ſuperior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of *Africk*,
Amidſt our barren rocks, and burning ſands,
That does not tremble at the *Roman* name?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that ſets this people up
Above your own *Numidia*'s tawny ſons!
Do they with tougher ſinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin ſwifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a *Roman* arm?

Who

Who like our active *African* instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled Elephant,
Loaden with war? these, these are arts, my Prince,
In which your *Zama* does not stoop to *Rome*.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A *Roman* soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make Man mild, and sociable to Man;
To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embellishments of life: Virtues like these,
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience kind heavens!——excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wond'rous civilizing arts;
This *Roman* polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the Gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to *Cato!*
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The *Roman* virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an *African*
That traverſes our vaſt *Numidian* deſarts
In queſt of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practiſes theſe boaſted virtues.
Coarſe are his meals the fortune of the chaſe,
Amidſt the running ſtream he ſlakes his thirſt,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the firſt friendly bank he throws him down,
Or reſts his head upon a rock 'till morn:
Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, *Syphax*, won't diſcern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleaſures, and the baits of ſenſe;
Where ſhall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majeſtick in his griefs, like *Cato?*
Heavens! with what ſtrength, what ſteadineſs of mind,
He triumphs in the midſt of all his ſufferings!
How does he riſe againſt a load of woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the weight upon him?

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtineſs of ſoul:
I think the *Romans* call it *Stoiciſm*,
Had not your royal father thought ſo highly
Of *Roman* virtue, and of *Cato*'s cauſe,
He had not fallen by a ſlave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his ſlaughter'd army now have lain
On *Africk*'s ſands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of *Numidia*.

Jub. Why doſt thou call my ſorrows up afreſh?
My Father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh! that you'd profit by your Father's ills.

Jub. What would'ſt thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon *Cato.*

Juba. Syphax, I ſhould be more than twice an Orphan
By ſuch a loſs.

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him Father. *Marcia*'s charms
Work in your heart unſeen, and plead for *Cato.*
No wonder you are deaf to all I ſay.

Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Leſt it ſhould take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great father never uſed me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender ſorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated bleſſings,
Which you drew from him in your laſt farewel?
Still muſt I cheriſh the dear, ſad, remembrance,
At once to torture, and to pleaſe my ſoul.
The good old King, at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then ſighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my ſon! ——his grief
Swell'd up ſo high, he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, thy ſtory melts away my ſoul.
That beſt of fathers! how ſhall I diſcharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

Syph. By laying up his counſels in your heart.

Jub. His counſels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, *Syphax,* chide me in ſevereſt terms,
Vent all thy paſſion, and I'll ſtand its ſhock,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer-ſea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its ſurface.

Syph. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your ſafety.

Jub. I do believe thou would'ſt: but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the fate that follows *Cæſar*'s foes.

Jub. My father ſcorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thouſand thouſand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

Syph. Rather ſay your love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preſerve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confeſs a flame,
I long have ſtifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis eaſie to divert and break its force:
Abſence might cure it, or a ſecond miſtreſs
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of *Zama*'s royal court
Have faces flufht with more exalted charms;
The Sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with theſe, my Prince, you'd ſoon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the *North*.

Jub. 'Tis not a ſett of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a ſkin, that I admire.
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the ſenſe.
The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her ſex:
True, ſhe is fair, (Oh how divinely fair!)
But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manners. *Cato*'s ſoul
Shines out in every thing ſhe acts or ſpeaks,
While winning mildneſs and attractive ſmiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praiſe!
But on my knees I beg you would conſider——

Jub. Hah! *Syphax*, is't not ſhe!—ſhe moves this way:
And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius*'s fair daughter.
My heart beats thick——I pr'ythee *Syphax* leave me.

Syph. Ten thouſand curſes faſten on 'em both!

Now

Now will this woman with a single glance
Undo, what I've been labouring all this while. *Exit.*

SCENE V.

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

Jub. Hail charming Maid! how does thy beauty smooth
Thy face of war, and make even Horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of *Cæsar*.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young Prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Jub. O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battel!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Mar. My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of *Rome*, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the Gods and *Cato*.

Jub. That *Juba* may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Marc. My Father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Jub. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with *Cato*'s virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all

The

The war ſhall ſtand ranged in its juſt array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely Maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the ſhock of charging hoſts, remember
What glorious deeds ſhould grace the man, who hopes
For *Marcia*'s love.

SCENE VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

Luc. Marcia, you're too ſevere:
How could you chide the young good-natured Prince,
And drive him from you with ſo ſtern an air,
A Prince that loves and doats on you to death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honeſt ſoul
Speak all ſo movingly in his behalf,
I dare not truſt my ſelf to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight againſt ſo ſweet a paſſion,
And ſteel your heart to ſuch a world of charms?

Mar. How, *Lucia!* would'ſt thou have me ſink away
In pleaſing dreams, and loſe my ſelf in love?
Cæſar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the ſad occaſion ſwallow up
My other cares and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this conſtancy of mind,
Who have ſo many griefs to try its force?
Sure, Nature form'd me of her ſofteſt mould,
Enfeebled all my ſoul with tender paſſions,
And ſunk me even below my own weak ſex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppreſs my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me ſhare thy moſt retired diſtreſs;
Tell me who raiſes up this conflict in thee?

Luc.

Luc. I need not bluſh to name them, when I tell thee
They're *Marcia*'s brothers, and the ſons of *Cato*.

Mar. They both behold thee with their ſiſter's eyes:
And often have reveal'd their paſſion to me.
But tell me, whoſe addreſs thou favour'ſt moſt:
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it *Marcia* wiſhes for?

Mar. For neither———
And yet for both---- the youths have equal ſhare
In *Marcia*'s wiſhes, and divide their ſiſter:
But tell me, which of them is *Lucia*'s choice?

Luc. *Marcia*, they both are high in my eſteem,
But in my love——why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'ſt it is a blind and fooliſh paſſion,
Pleas'd and diſguſted with it knows not what———

Mar. O *Lucia*, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I muſt hereafter call my happy brother?

Luc. Suppoſe 'twere *Portius*, could you blame my choice?
——O *Portius*, thou haſt ſtol'n away my ſoul!
With what a graceful tenderneſs he loves!
And breathes the ſofteſt, the ſincereſt vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly ſweetneſs
Dwell ever on his tongue, and ſmooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have ſo much earneſtneſs and paſſion in them,
I hear him with a ſecret kind of horrour,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas poor youth! how can'ſt thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'ſt not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he ſpeaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He ſends out all his ſoul in every word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one tranſported.
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldneſs raiſe
Tempeſts and ſtorms in his afflicted boſom!
I dread the conſequence.

Luc. You seem to plead
Against your brother *Portius.*
Mar. Heaven forbid!
Had *Portius* been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.
Luc. Was ever-virgin love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on *Marcus.*
Marc. He knows too well how easily he's fired,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.
Luc. Alas! too late I find my self involved
In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my *Marcia*'s family,
And sow dissention in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.
Mar. Let us not, *Lucia,* aggravate our sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works it self clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till, by degrees, the floating mirrour shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new Heaven in its fair bosom shows. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SENATE.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME ſtill ſurvives in this aſſembled Senate!
Let us remember we are *Cato*'s friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.
Luc. Cato will ſoon be here, and open to us
Th' occaſion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A ſound of Trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of *Rome* direct him!

Enter CATO.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæſar's approach has ſummon'd us together,
And *Rome* attends her fate from our reſolves:
How ſhall we treat this bold aſpiring man?
Succeſs ſtill follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharſalia gave him *Rome*; *Egypt* has ſince
Received his yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæſar*'s.
Why ſhould I mention *Juba*'s overthrow,
And *Scipio*'s death? *Numidia*'s burning ſands
Still ſmoke with blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree
What courſe to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n *Libya*'s ſultry deſarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they ſtill fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the laſt?
Or are your hearts ſubdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill ſucceſs to a ſubmiſſion?
Sempronius, ſpeak.
Sem. My voice is ſtill for war.
Gods! can a *Roman* Senate long debate

Which of the two to chuſe, ſlavery or death!
No, let us riſe at once, gird on our ſwords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps ſome arm, more lucky than the reſt,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Riſe, Fathers, riſe! 'tis *Rome* demands your help;
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate! the corps of half her Senate
Manure the fields of *Theſſaly*, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we ſhould ſacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouſe up for ſhame! our brothers of *Pharſalia*
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud——————To battel!
Great *Pompey*'s ſhade complains that we are ſlow,
And *Scipio*'s ghoſt walks unreveng'd amongſt us!

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon:
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides,
All elſe is tow'ring frenzy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe, who draw the ſword
In *Rome*'s defence, entruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of ſlaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reaſon ſay
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luc. My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: *Scythia* mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of *Rome:*
'Tis time to ſheath the ſword, and ſpare mankind.
It is not *Cæſar*, but the Gods, my fathers,

The

The Gods declare againſt us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battel,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild deſpair)
Were to refuſe th' awards of Providence,
And not to reſt in Heaven's determination.
Already have we ſhown our love to *Rome*,
Now let us ſhow ſubmiſſion to the Gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourſelves,
But free the common-wealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further uſe: our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in *Roman* blood,
Unprofitably ſhed; what men could do
Is done already: Heaven and earth will witneſs,
If *Rome* muſt fall, that we are innocent.

Sem. This ſmooth diſcourſe and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor———ſomething whiſpers me
All is not right---*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*. [*Aſide to* Cato.

Cato. Let us appear nor raſh nor diffident:
Immoderate valour ſwells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into publick counſels,
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſperate. We have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops enur'd to toil
In *Africk*'s heats, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun;
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young Prince's call.
While there is hope, do not diſtruſt the Gods;
But wait at leaſt 'till *Cæſar*'s near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould *Rome* fall a moment e're her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In it's full length, and ſpin it to the laſt
So ſhall we gain ſtill one day's liberty;
And let me periſh, but, in *Cato*'s judgment,

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates
Lodg'd on my poſt, a herald is arriv'd
From *Cæſar*'s camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
The *Roman* knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience and demands to ſpeak with *Cato*.

Cato. By your permiſſion, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit* Marcus.

Decius was once my friend, but other proſpects
Have loos'd thoſe ties, and bound him faſt to *Cæſar*.
His meſſage may determine our reſolves.

SCENE II.

DECIUS, CATO, &c.

Dec. *Cæſar* ſends health to *Cato*———

Cato. Could he ſend it
To *Cato*'s ſlaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to addreſs the Senate?

Dec. My buſineſs is with *Cato*: *Cæſar* ſees
The ſtreights, to which you're driven; and as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of *Rome*:
Would he ſave *Cato?* bid him ſpare his country.
Tell your Dictator this; and tell him, *Cato*
Diſdains a life, which he has power to offer.

Dec. *Rome* and her Senators ſubmit to *Cæſar*;
Her Generals and her Conſuls are no more,
Who check'd his conqueſts, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæſar*'s friend?

Cato. Thoſe very reaſons, thou haſt urg'd, forbid it.

Dec. *Cato*, I've orders to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with you, as from friend to friend:

Think

Think on the ſtorm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burſt upon it;
Still may you ſtand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with *Cæſar*.
Rome will rejoice, and caſt its eyes on *Cato*,
As on the ſecond of mankind.

Cato. No more!
I muſt not think of life on ſuch conditions.

Dec. *Cæſar* is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore ſets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of *Cato*'s friendſhip,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Reſtore the common-wealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the publick cenſure,
And ſtand the judgment of a *Roman* Senate.
Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his friend.

Dec. *Cato*, the world talks loudly of your wiſdom——

Cato. Nay more, tho' *Cato*'s voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varniſh crimes,
Myſelf will mount the *Roſtrum* in his favour,
And ſtrive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A ſtyle, like this, becomes a Conqueror.

Cato. *Decius*, a ſtyle, like this, becomes a *Roman*.

Dec. What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæſar*'s foe?

Cato. Greater than *Cæſar*: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Conſider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,
And at the head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of *Rome* to ſecond you.

Cato. Let him conſider that, who drives us hither:
'Tis *Cæſar*'s ſword has made *Rome*'s Senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazled eye
Beholds this man in a falſe glaring light,
Which conqueſt and ſucceſs have thrown upon him;
Didſt thou but view him right, thou'dſt ſee him black

With murther, treaſon, ſacrilege, and crimes
That ſtrike my ſoul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'ſt on me, as on a wretch
Beſet with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the Gods I ſwear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that *Cæſar*.

Dec. Does *Cato* ſend this anſwer back to *Cæſar*,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendſhip?

Cato. His cares for me are inſolent and vain:
Preſumptuous man! the Gods take care of *Cato*.
Would *Cæſar* ſhow the greatneſs of his ſoul?
Bid him employ his care for theſe my friends,
And make good uſe of his ill-gotten power,
By ſhelt'ring men much better than himſelf.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You ruſh on your deſtruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embaſſy,
All *Rome* will be in tears. [*Exit* Decius.

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, &c.

Sem. Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal *Rome*
Speaks in thy voice, thy ſoul breathes liberty:
Cæſar will ſhrink to hear the words thou utter'ſt,
And ſhudder in the midſt of all his conqueſts.

Luc. The Senate owns its gratitude to *Cato*,
Who with ſo great a ſoul conſults its ſafety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius ſeems fond of life; but what is Life?
'Tis not to ſtalk about, and draw freſh air,

From

From time to time, or gaze upon the ſun ;
'Tis to be Free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows inſipid, and has loſt its reliſh.
O could my dying hand but lodge a ſword
In *Cæſar*'s boſom, and revenge my country,
By Heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And ſmile in agony.

Luc. Others perhaps
May ſerve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into ſo much rage.

Sem. This ſober conduct is a mighty virtue
In luke-warm Patriots.

Cato. Come ! no more, *Sempronius*,
All here are friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
Let us not weaken ſtill the weaker ſide,
By our diviſions.

Sem. Cato, my reſentments
Are ſacrific'd to *Rome*——— I ſtand reproved.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a reſolve.

Luc. Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæſar's behaviour has convinced the Senate
We ought to hold it out 'till terms arrive.

Semp. We ought to hold it out 'till death ; but, *Cato*,
My private voice is drown'd amid the Senate's.

Cato. Then let us riſe, my friends, and ſtrive to fill
This little interval, this pauſe of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With reſolution, friendſhip, *Roman* bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it ;
That Heaven may ſay, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewel———The young *Numidian* Prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counſels.

SCENE IV.

CATO, JUBA.

Cato. *Juba*, the *Roman* Senate has resolv'd,
'Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on *Cæsar*.

Juba. The resolution fits a *Roman* Senate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for *Utica*
(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, my son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befal thy father,
Be *Cato*'s friend, he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. *Juba*, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwise.

Juba. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude, that shines
Before my face, in *Cato*'s great example,
Subdues my soul and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Juba. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The Kings of *Africk* sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the *Nile*,
In distant Worlds, on t'other side the sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appeared,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of *Zama*.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness!

Juba.

Juba. I would not boaſt the greatneſs of my father,
But point out new alliances to *Cato*.
Had we not better leave this *Utica*,
To arm *Numidia*' in our cauſe, and court
Th' aſſiſtance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know *Cato*, our remoteſt Kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their ſwarthy hoſts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horrour of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato. And canſt thou think
Cato will fly before the ſword of *Cæſar*?
Reduced like *Hannibal*, to ſeek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in *Africk!*

Juba. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preſerve a life of ſo much value.
My heart is wounded, when I ſee ſuch virtue
Afflicted by the weight of ſuch misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleneſs of ſoul obliges me.
But know, young Prince, that valour ſoars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
Theſe are not ills; elſe would they never fall
On Heaven's firſt favourites, and the beſt of men:
The Gods, in bounty, work up ſtorms about us,
That give mankind occaſion to exert
Their hidden ſtrength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which ſhun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the ſmooth ſeaſons and the calms of life.

Juba. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'ſt! I pant for virtue!
And all my ſoul endeavours at perfection.

Cato. Doſt thou love watchings, abſtinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from *Cato*:
Succeſs and fortune muſt thou learn from *Cæſar*.

Juba.

Juba. The beſt good fortune that can fall on *Juba*,
The whole ſucceſs, at which my heart aſpires,
Depends on *Cato*.

Cato. What does *Juba* ſay?
Thy words confound me.

Juba. I would fain retract them,
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy wiſh, young Prince, make not my ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Juba. Oh they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can *Juba* ask
That *Cato* will refuſe?

Juba. I fear to name it.
Marcia———inherits all her father's virtues.

Cato. What would'ſt thou ſay?

Juba. Cato, thou haſt a daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young Prince: I would not hear a word
Should leſſen thee in my eſteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and Heaven
Exacts ſeverity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conqueſt, liberty, or death.

SCENE V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

Syph. How's this, my Prince! what, cover'd with confuſion?
You look as if yon ſtern Philoſopher
Had juſt now chid you.

Juba. Syphax, I'm undone!

Syph. I know it well.

Juba. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And ſo will all mankind.

Juba.

Juba. I've open'd to him
The weakneſs of my ſoul, my love for *Marcia.*
Syph. Cato's a proper perſon to entruſt
A love-tale with.
Juba. Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My fooliſh heart! was ever wretch like *Juba*?
Syph. Alas, my Prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young *Juba* riſe before the Sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger ſlept,
Or ſeek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When firſt you rouſed him to the chace! I've ſeen you,
Even in the *Libyan* dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him cloſe, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and ſtooping from your horſe
Rivet the panting ſavage to the ground.
Juba. Pr'ythee no more!
Syph. How would the old King ſmile
To ſee you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the ſhaggy ſpoils about your ſhoulders!
Juba. Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd
In every word) would now loſe all its ſweetneſs.
Cato's diſpleas'd, and *Marcia* loſt for ever!
Syph. Young Prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might ſtill be yours.
Juba. What ſay'ſt thou, *Syphax?*
By heavens, thou turn'ſt me all into attention.
Syphax. Marcia might ſtill be yours.
Juba. As how, dear *Syphax?*
Syph. Juba commands *Numidia*'s hardy troops,
Mounted on ſteeds, unus'd to the reſtraint
Of curbs or bitts, and fleeter than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll ſnatch this damſel up,
And bear her off.
Juba. Can ſuch diſhoneſt thoughts
Riſe up in man! would'ſt thou ſeduce my youth
To do an act that would deſtroy my honour?

Syph.

Syph. Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Juba. Would'st thou degrade thy Prince into a Ruffian?

Syph. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such Ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty *Rome*,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape.
Your *Scipio's*, *Cæsar's*, *Pompey's*, and your *Cato's*,
(These Gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.

Juba. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our *Numidian* wiles.

Syph. Indeed, my Prince, you want to know the world;
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a *Roman* soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

Juba. If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May *Juba* ever live in ignorance!

Syph. Go, go, you're young.

Juba. Gods must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far. [*Aside.*

Juba. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

Syph. I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young Prince, behold these locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battels.

Juba. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

Syph. Must one rash words, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*

Juba. Is it becauſe the throne of my fore-fathers
Still ſtands unfill'd, and that *Numidia*'s crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whoſe head it ſhall encloſe,
Thou thus preſum'ſt to treat thy Prince with ſcorn?

Syph. Why will you rive my heart with ſuch expreſſions?
Does not old *Syphax* follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and cruſh beneath a cask
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aſpires to;
Is it not this? to ſhed the ſlow remains,
His laſt poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

Juba. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to *Juba*,
My royal maſter's ſon, is call'd in queſtion?
My Prince may ſtrike me dead, and I'll be dumb,
But whilſt I live I muſt not hold my tongue,
And languiſh out old age in his diſpleaſure.

Juba. Thou know'ſt the way too well into my heart
I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

Syph. What greater inſtance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action which my ſoul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

Juba. Was this thy motive? I have been too haſty.

Syph. And 'tis for this my Prince has call'd me traitor.

Juba. Sure thou miſtak'ſt; I did not call thee ſo.

Syph. You did indeed, my Prince, you call'd me traitor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.
Of what, my Prince, wou'd you complain to *Cato?*
That *Syphax* loves you, and would ſacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour in your ſervice.

Juba. Syphax, I know thou lov'ſt me, but indeed
Thy zeal for *Juba* carried thee too far.
Honour's a ſacred tie, the law of Kings,
The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection,
That aids and ſtrengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where ſhe is not:

It

It ought not to be ſported with.

Syph. By Heavens
I'm raviſh'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas, I've hitherto been uſed to think
A blind officious zeal to ſerve my King
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a ſubject's heart.
Happy the people, who preſerve their honour,
By the ſame duties, that oblige their Prince!

Jub. Syphax, thou now begin'ſt to ſpeak thy ſelf.
Numidia's grown a ſcorn among the nations
For breach of publick vows. Our *Punick* faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, you make old *Syphax* weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be bleſt by *Cato*'s lectures.

Jub. Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardneſs of age:
Thy Prince eſteems thy worth, and loves thy perſon.
If e'er the ſcepter comes into my hand,
Syphax ſhall ſtand the ſecond in my kingdom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindneſs?
My joy grows burdenſome, I ſhan't ſupport it.

Jub. Syphax, farewel: I'll hence, and try to find
Some bleſt occaſion that may ſet me right
In *Cato*'s thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

SYPHAX, ſolus.

Young Men ſoon give, and ſoon forget affronts;
Old age is ſlow in both——A falſe old traitor;
Thoſe words, raſh boy, may chance to coſt thee dear.
My heart had ſtill ſome fooliſh fondneſs for thee:

But

But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:———
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine———

SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

Syph. All hail, *Sempronius!*
Well, *Cato*'s senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.
Semp. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declared for Peace and terms were offer'd
To *Cato* by a messenger from *Cæsar*.
Should they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruine.
Syph. But how stands *Cato?*
Semp. Thou hast seen mount *Atlas:*
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at it's feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his towering soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on *Cæsar*.
Syph. But what's this Messenger?
Semp. I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is *Juba* fixt?
Syph. Yes,———but it is to *Cato*.
I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.

Semp.

Semp. Come, 'tis no matter, we ſhall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And ſerve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou haſt forlook
Thy *Juba*'s cauſe, and wiſheſt *Marcia* mine.

Syph. May ſhe be thine as faſt as thou would'ſt have her!

Semp. Syphax, I love that woman; though I curſe
Her and my ſelf, yet ſpight of me, I love her.

Syph. Make *Cato* ſure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæſar will ne'er refuſe thee ſuch a trifle.
But are thy troops prepared for a revolt?
Does the ſedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

Semp. All, all is ready.
The factious leaders are our friends, that ſpread
Murmurs and diſcontents among the ſoldiers.
They count their toilſome marches, long fatigues,
Unuſual faſtings, and will bear no more
This medly of Philoſophy and War.
Within an hour they'll ſtorm the Senate-houſe.

Syph. Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian* troops
Within the ſquare, to exerciſe their arms,
And, as I ſee occaſion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unſhaken *Cato*
Will look aghaſt, while unforeſeen deſtruction
Pours in upon him thus from every ſide,
So where our wide *Numidian* waſtes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes deſcend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away.
The helpleſs traveller, with wild ſurprize,
Sees the dry deſart all around him riſe,
And ſmother'd in the duſty whirlwind dies.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MARCUS, *and* PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

THANKS to my ſtars, I have not ranged about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature firſt pointed out my *Portius* to me,
And early taught me, by her ſecret force,
To love thy perſon, ere I knew thy merit;
'Till, what was inſtinct, grew up into friendſhip.

Por. Marcus, the friendſhips of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleaſure;
Ours has ſevereſt virtue for its baſis,
And ſuch a friendſhip ends not but with life.

Mar. Portius, thou know'ſt my ſoul in all its weakneſs,
Then pr'ythee ſpare me on its tender ſide,
Indulge me but in love, my other paſſions
Shall riſe and fall by virtue's niceſt rules.

Por. When love's well timed, 'tis not a fault to love.
The ſtrong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wiſe,
Sink in the ſoft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to diſmiſs thy paſſion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to ſuppreſs its force,
'Till better times may make it look more graceful.

Mar. Alas, thou talk'ſt like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbbs and longings of a ſoul,
That pants, and reaches after diſtant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia*'s abſence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,

And

And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Por. What can thy *Portius* do to give thee help?

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence,
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heats of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire,
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food,
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

Por. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office,
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

Por. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me I've a thousand reasons———

Marc. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That *Cato*'s great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one who loves like me!
Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thy self what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

Por. What should I do! if I disclose my passion
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother. [*Aside.*

Marc. But see where *Lucia*, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her *Portius!*
That face, that shape, those eyes, that Heaven of beauty
Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st,

Por.

Por. She sees us, and advances———
Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius*.
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

Luc. Did not I see your brother *Marcus* here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?
Port. Oh, *Lucia*, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies;
His passions and his virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul!
Oh, *Lucia*, I'm distrest! my heart bleeds for him,
Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, 'tho' thou smilest upon me.
Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship! think betimes, my *Portius*,
Think how the nuptial tie that might ensue
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
The brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.
Por. Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my *Lucia*?
His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has beg'd his rival to sollicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:

Per-

Perhaps, when we have paſs'd theſe gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the ſtorm that beats upon us———

Luc. No, *Portius*, no! I ſee thy ſiſter's tears,
Thy father's anguiſh, and thy brother's death,
In the purſuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, *Portius*, here I ſwear, to Heaven I ſwear,
To Heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While ſuch a cloud of miſchiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far——as I am able.

Por. What haſt thou ſaid! I'm thunder-ſtruck!—recal
Thoſe haſty words, or I am loſt for ever.

Luc. Has not the Vow already paſs'd my lips?
The Gods have heard it, and 'tis ſeal'd in Heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

Por. Fixt in aſtoniſhment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one juſt blaſted by a ſtroke from Heaven,
Who pants for breath, and ſtiffens, yet a live,
In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!

Luc. At length I've acted my ſevereſt part:
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I muſt forget thee.

Por. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

Luc. Oh ſtop thoſe ſounds,
Thoſe killing ſounds! why doſt thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life it ſelf goes out at thy diſpleaſure.
The Gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!

Por. Talk not of love: thou never knew'ſt its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream

Of fancied bliſs. Oh *Lucia*, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with death, ſtill ſounds
In my ſtunn'd ears. What ſhall I ſay or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy preſence,
And horror dwells about thee!—hah, ſhe faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my raſhneſs done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou beſt
And lovelieſt of thy ſex! awake, my *Lucia*,
Or *Portius* ruſhes on his ſword to join thee.
———Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They ſhut not out ſociety in death———
But hah! ſhe moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

Luc. O *Portius*, was this well!———to frown on her
That lives upon thy ſmiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
———What do I ſay? my half recover'd ſenſe
Forgets the Vow in which my ſoul is bound.
Deſtruction ſtands betwixt us! we muſt part.

Por. Name not the word; my frighted thoughts run back,
And ſtartle into madneſs at the ſound.

Luc. What would'ſt thou have me do? conſider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, *Portius*, think, thou ſeeſt thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all beſmear'd with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee! thy awful Sire
Sternly demands the cauſe, th' accurſed cauſe,
That robs him of his ſon! poor *Marcia* trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantick in her griefs
Calls out on *Lucia!* what could *Lucia* anſwer?
Or how ſtand up in ſuch a ſcene of ſorrow!

Por. To my confuſion, and eternal grief,
I muſt approve the ſentence that deſtroys me.
The miſt, that hung about my mind, clears up;

And now, athwart the terrors that thy Vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'ſt more fair,
More amiable, and riſeſt in thy charms.
Lovelieſt of women! Heaven is in thy ſoul,
Beauty and virtue ſhine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!

Luc. Portius, no more! thy words ſhoot through my heart,
Melt my reſolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are thoſe tears of fondneſs in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why ſwells thy ſoul with ſorrow?
It ſoftens me too much——farewel, my *Portius*,
Farewel, though death is in the word, For-ever!

Por. Stay, *Lucia*, ſtay! what doſt thou ſay? For-ever?

Luc. Have I not ſworn? if, *Portius*, thy ſucceſs
Muſt throw thy brother on his fate, farewel,
Oh, how ſhall I repeat the word! For-ever!

Por. Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unſteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
——Thou muſt not go, my ſoul ſtill hovers o'er thee,
And can't get looſe.

Luc. If the firm *Portius* ſhake
To hear of parting, think what *Lucia* ſuffers!

Por. 'Tis true; unruffled and ſerene I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for ſtorm of ills fall on me,
It beats down all my ſtrength. I cannot bear it.
We muſt not part.

Luc. What doſt thou ſay? not part?
Haſt thou forgot the Vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, and thunder, o'er us!
——But ſee! thy brother *Marcus* bends this way!
I ſicken at the ſight. Once more, farewel,
Farewel, and know thou wrong'ſt me, if thou think'ſt
Ever was love, or grief, like mine.

SCENE

SCENE III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

Marc. Portius, what hopes? how ſtands ſhe? am I doom'd
To life or death?

Por. What would'ſt thou have me ſay?

Marc. What means this penſive poſture? thou appear'ſt
Like one amazed and terrified.

Por. I've reaſon.

Mar. Thy down-caſt looks, and thy diſorder'd thoughts
Tell me my fate. I ask not the ſucceſs.
My cauſe has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc. What? does the barbarous maid inſult my heart,
My aking heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could caſt her from my thoughts for ever?

Por. Away! you're too ſuſpicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though ſworn never to think of love,
Compaſſionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compaſſionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compaſſion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to chuſe ſo cold a friend
To urge my cauſe! Compaſſionates my pains!
Pr'ythee what art, what rhetorick did'ſt thou uſe
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that aſks the warm return of love,
Compaſſion's cruelty, 'tis ſcorn, 'tis death———

Por. Marcus, no more! have I deſerv'd this treatment?

Marc. What have I ſaid! O *Portius*, O forgive me!
A ſoul exaſperated in ills falls out
With every thing, its friend, its ſelf—but hah!
What means that ſhout, big with the ſounds of war?
What new alarm?

Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.
Mar. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battel!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.
Por. Quick, let us hence; who knows if *Cato*'s life
Stands sure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

SCENE IV.

SEMPRONIUS *with the leaders of the mutiny.*

Semp. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
'Till it has spent it self on *Cato*'s head.
Mean while I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that what-e'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.
1 *Lead.* We all are safe, *Sempronius* is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as *Cato*.
But hearkl he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast,
This day will end our toils, and give us rest!
Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our friend.

SCENE V.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, MARCUS, &c.

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe, And

And to their General send a brave defiance?

Semp. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*

Cato. Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for *Rome*,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives you do well to join
With *Cato*'s foes, and follow *Cæsar*'s banners.
Why did I 'scape th' invenom'd Aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desart,
To see this day? why could not *Cato* fall
Without your guilt? behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than *Cato?*
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

Sem. By heavens they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost. [*Aside.*

Cato. Have you forgotten *Libya*'s burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first t' explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

Sem. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to *Cato*,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?

Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds and scorching heats?

Cato. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to *Cæsar*
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

Luc. See, *Cato*, see, th' unhappy men! they weep!
Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

Sem. How! would'st thou clear rebellion!
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in *Cato*'s blood

Cato. Forbear, *Sempronius!*——see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men,
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The Gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aside.

Sem Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure,
Cato Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.

Remember

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd Fore-fathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood.)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

SCENE VI.

SEMPRONIUS *and the leaders of the mutiny.*

1 *Lead.* *Sempronius*, you have acted like yourself,
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

Sem. Villain, stand off! base groveling worthless wretches,
Mongrils in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, *Sempronius:*
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

Sem. Know, villains, when such paultry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death.

Enter Guards.

1 *Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this———

Sem. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

SCENE VII.

SYPHAX, *and* SEMPRONIUS.

Syph. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted; their *Numidian* steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desart:
Let but *Sempronius* head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where *Marcus* keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into *Cæsar*'s camp.

Sem. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming *Marcia*'s left behind!

Syph. How? will *Sempronius* turn a woman's slave!

Sem. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth, and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph. Well said! that's spoken like thyself, *Sempronius*.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

Sem. But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but *Juba*, and her brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have *Juba*'s dress, and *Juba*'s guards:
The doors will open, when *Numidia*'s Prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

Sem. Heavens what a thought is there! *Marcia*'s my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!

So

So *Pluto*, seiz'd of *Proserpine*, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th'affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd *Jove* his sun-shine and his skies.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

LUCIA.

NOW tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than *Lucia* suffers?

Mar. O *Lucia*, *Lucia!* might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow:
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
By *Juba*, and thy father's friend *Sempronius*;
But which of these has power to charm like *Portius!*

Mar. Still must I beg thee not to name *Sempronius?*
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man;
Juba to all the bravery of a Hero
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness:
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of womankind, but *Marcia*, happy.

Luc. And why not *Marcia?* come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one, who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

Mar. While *Cato* lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

Luc. But should this father give you to *Sempronius?*

Mar. I dare not think he will: but if he should——

Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spight of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost.

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, *dress'd like* JUBA, *with* Numidian *guards.*

Sem. The Deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert
Be sure you mind the Word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
——How will the young *Numidian* rave, to see
His mistress lost? if aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay Barbarian.
——But heark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis *Juba*'s self! there is but one way left——
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards.—Hah, dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure Heaven——

Enter JUBA.

Juba. What do I see? who's this that dares usurp
The guards and habit of *Numidia*'s Prince?

Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

Juba. What can this mean? *Sempronius!*

Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

Juba.

Juba. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man! [Sem. *falls. His guards surrender.*

Sem. Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and Heaven, and *Cato* tremble! [*Dies.*

Juba. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

SCENE III.

LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

Luc. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at every sound.
O *Marcia*, should thy brothers for my sake!——
I die away with horror at the thought.

Mar. See, *Lucia*, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a *Numidian!* Heavens preserve the Prince:
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, *Juba* lies dead before us!

Luc. Now, *Marcia*, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength, and constancy of mind;
Thou can'st not put it to a greater trial.

Mar. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,

To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted!

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

Mar. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA *listning.*

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair,
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

Jub. What do I hear? and was the false *Sempronius*
That best of men? O had I fallen like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

Luc. Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Mar. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desart,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.

Jub. I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

Mar. Oh he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladned all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

Jub. I shall run mad———

Mar. O *Juba! Juba! Juba!*

Jub. What means that voice? did she not call on *Juba?*

Mar. Why do I think on what he was? he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd *Marcia,*
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas, he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and *Juba?*

Jub. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What *Marcia* thinks! all is *Elisium* round me!

Mar.

Mar. Ye dear remains of the moſt lov'd of men!
Nor modeſty nor virtue here forbid
A laſt embrace, while thus———

Jub. See, *Marcia*, ſee. [*Throwing himſelf before her.*
The happy *Juba* lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerneſs of love.

Mar. With pleaſure and amaze, I ſtand tranſported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

Jub. A wretch,
Diſguiſed like *Juba* on a curs'd deſign,
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haſte of love, to find thee:
I found thee weeping, and confeſs this once,
Am rapt with joy to ſee my *Marcia*'s tears.

Mar. I've been ſurpriz'd in an unguarded hour,
But muſt not now go back: the love, that lay
Half ſmother'd in my breaſt, has broke through all
Its weak reſtraints, and burns in its full luſtre,
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Jub. I'm loſt in eccſtaſy! and doſt thou love,
Thou charming maid?

Mar. And doſt thou live to ask it?

Jub. This, this is life indeed! life worth preſerving,
Such life as *Juba* never felt 'till now!

Mar. Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myſelf how much I lov'd thee.

Jub. O fortunate miſtake!

Mar. O happy *Marcia!*

Jub. My joy! my beſt-belov'd! my only wiſh!
How ſhall I ſpeak the tranſport of my ſoul!

Mar. Lucia, thy arm! Oh let me reſt upon it!———
The vital blood, that had forſook my heart,
Returns again in ſuch tumultuous tides,

It

It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment———
O Prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.
What tho' *Numidia* add her conquer'd towns
And provinces, to swell the victor's triumph!
Juba will never at his fate repine;
Let *Cæsar* have the world, if *Marcia*'s mine.

SCENE IV.

A March at a Distance.

CATO *and* LUCIUS.

Luc. I stand astonisht! what, the bold *Sempronius!*
That still broke foremost through the crowd of Patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness———

Cato. Trust me *Lucius*,
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpriz'd at nothing.
———O *Lucius.* I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where *Portius* comes! what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus changed?

Por. My heart is griev'd,
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

Cato. Has *Cæsar* shed more *Roman* blood?

Por. Not so

The

The traytor *Syphax*, as within the ſquare
He exerciſed his troops, the ſignal given,
Flew off at once with his *Numidian* horſe
To the ſouth gate, where *Marcus* holds the watch,
I ſaw, and call'd to ſtop him, but in vain,
He toſt his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not ſtay and periſh like *Sempronius*.

Cato. Perfidious men! but haſte my ſon, and ſee
Thy brother *Marcus* acts a *Roman*'s part. [*Exit* Por.
——*Lucius*, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Juſtice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is *Cæſar*'s: *Cato* has no buſineſs in it.

Luc. While pride, oppreſſion, and injuſtice reign,
The world will ſtill demand her *Cato*'s preſence.
In pity to mankind ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And reconcile thy mighty ſoul to life.

Cato. Would *Lucius* have me live to ſwell the number
Of *Cæſar*'s ſlaves, or by a baſe ſubmiſſion
Give up the cauſe of *Rome*, and own a tyrant?

Luc. The victor never will impoſe on *Cato*
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confeſs
The virtues of humanity are *Cæſar*'s.

Cato. Curſe on his virtues! they've undone his Country.
Such popular humanity is treaſon——
But ſee young *Juba!* the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious ſubjects.

Luc. Alas, poor Prince! his fate deſerves compaſſion.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. I bluſh, and am confounded to appear
Before thy preſence, *Cato*.

Cato. What's thy crime?

Jub. I'm a *Numidian*.

Cato. And a brave one too.
Thou haſt a *Roman* ſoul.

Jub. Haſt thou not heard
Of my falſe countrymen?

Cato.

Cato. Alas, young Prince,
Falſhood and fraud ſhoot up in every ſoil,
The product of all climes——*Rome* has its *Cæſars.*

Jub. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the diſtreſt.

Cato. 'Tis juſt to give applauſe where 'tis deſerv'd;
Thy virtue, Prince, has ſtood the teſt of fortune,
Like pureſt gold, that tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

Jub. What ſhall I anſwer thee? my raviſh'd heart
O'erflows with ſecret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praiſe, O *Cato,* than *Numidia*'s empire.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother *Marcus*——

Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forſook his poſt? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em paſs?

Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the ſhields of his ſurviving ſoldiers,
Breathleſs and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long at the head of his few faithful friends,
He ſtood the ſhock of a whole hoſt of foes.
'Till obſtinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppreſt with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm ſatisfy'd.

Por. Nor did he fall before
His ſword had pierc'd through the falſe heart of *Syphax.*
Yonder he lies. I ſaw the hoary traytor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the Gods! my boy has done his duty.
——*Portius,* when I am dead, beſure thou place
His urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep aſunder!

Luc. O *Cato,* arm thy ſoul with all its patience;
See where the corps of thy dead ſon approaches!

The

The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO *meeting the Corps.*

Welcome my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody coarse, and count those glorious wounds.
———How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
———Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd if *Cato*'s house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.
———*Portius*, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

Jub. Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*

Cato. Alas my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, *Rome* is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

Jub. Behold that upright man! *Rome* fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son. [*Aside.*

Cato. Whate'er the *Roman* virtue has subdu'd,
The sun's whole course, the day and year are *Cæsar*'s.
For him the self-devoted *Decii* dy'd,
The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipio*'s conquer'd:
Even *Pompey* fought for *Cæsar*. Oh my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The *Roman* empire fallen! O curs'd ambition!
Fallen into *Cæsar*'s hands! our great Fore-fathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Juba. While *Cato* lives, *Cæsar* will blush to see
Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.

Cato. Cæsar asham'd! has not he seen *Pharsalia!*

Luc.

Luc. Cato, 'tis time thou ſave thyſelf and us.

Cato. Loſe not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæſar ſhall never ſay I conquer'd *Cato*.
But oh! my friends, your ſafety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thouſand ſecret terrors
Riſe in my ſoul: how ſhall I ſave my friends!
'Tis now, O *Cæſar*, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. Cæſar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done againſt him, *Cato* did it.
Add, if you pleaſe, that I requeſt it of him,
The virtue of my friends may paſs unpuniſh'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy ſake.
Should I adviſe thee to regain *Numidia*,
Or ſeek the conqueror?———

Juba. If I forſake thee
Whilſt I have life, may heaven abandon *Juba!*

Cato. Thy virtues, Prince, if I foreſee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at *Rome*, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been *Cato*'s friend.
Portius, draw near! My ſon, thou oft haſt ſeen
Thy Sire engaged in a corrupted ſtate,
Wreſtling with vice and faction: now thou ſeeſt me
Spent, overpower'd, deſpairing of ſucceſs;
Let me adviſe thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal ſeat, the *Sabine* field,
Where the great *Cenſor* toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal Anceſtors were bleſt
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retired, pray for the peace of *Rome*;
Content thy ſelf to be obſcurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation.

Por. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to *Portius*, that he ſcorns himſelf.

Cato. Farewel, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not truſt the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ſhips prepared by my command,
(Their ſails already opening to the winds)
That ſhall convey you to the wiſht for port.
Is there aught elſe, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we ſhall meet
In happier climes, and on a ſafer ſhore,
Where *Cæſar* never ſhall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead Son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cauſe expired,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm Patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Tho' ſtill, by faction, vice and fortune, croſt,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not loſt.

ACT V. SCENE, I.

CATO ſolus, *ſitting in a thoughtful poſture: In his hand* Plato's *book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn ſword on the Table by him.*

IT muſt be ſo—*Plato*, thou reaſon'ſt well!—
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on her ſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis heaven itſelf, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, thought!
Through what variety of untry'd beings,
Through what new ſcences and changes muſt we paſs!

The

The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lyes before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where!—This world was made for *Cæsar*.
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harrass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

SCENE II.

CATO, PORTIUS.

Cato. But hah! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd? *Port.*

Port. Alas, my father!
What means this ſword? this inſtrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

Cato. Raſh youth, forbear!

Port. O let the prayers, the entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wreſt it from you.

Cato. Would'ſt thou betray me? would'ſt thou give me up
A ſlave, a captive, into *Cæſar*'s hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!———

Port. Look not thus ſternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than diſobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm maſter of my ſelf,
Now, *Cæſar*, let thy troops beſet our gates,
And barr each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erſpread the ſea, and ſtop up every port;
Cato ſhall open to himſelf a paſſage,
And mock thy hopes———

Port. O Sir, forgive your ſon,
Whoſe grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!
How am I ſure it is not the laſt time
I e'er ſhall call you ſo! be not diſpleaſed,
O be not angry with me whilſt I weep,
And in the anguiſh of my heart, beſeech you
To quit the dreadful purpoſe of your ſoul!

Cato. Thou haſt been ever good and dutiful
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my ſon. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have ſought to pleaſe,
Will ſuccour *Cato*, and preſerve his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato. Portius, thou may'ſt rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what miſbecomes him.
But go, my ſon, and ſee if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; ſee them embarked;
And tell me if the winds and ſeas befriend them,

My

My ſoul is quite weigh'd down with care, and aſks
The ſoft refreſhment of a moment's ſleep.

Por. My thoughts are more at eaſe, my heart revives.

SCENE III.

PORTIUS *and* MARCIA.

Por. O *Marcia*, O my ſiſter, ſtill there's hope!
Our father will not caſt away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retired to reſt, and ſeems to cheriſh
Thoughts full of peace. He has diſpatcht me hence
With orders, that beſpeak a mind compoſed,
And ſtudious for the ſafety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none diſturb his ſlumbers.

Marc. O ye immortal powers that guard the juſt,
Watch round his couch, and ſoften his repoſe,
Baniſh his ſorrows, and becalm his ſoul
With eaſie dreams; remember all his virtues!
And ſhow mankind that goodneſs is your care.

SCENE IV.

LUCIA, *and* MARCIA.

Luc. Where is your father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?

Mar. *Lucia*, ſpeak low, he is retir'd to reſt.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Riſe in my ſoul. We ſhall be happy ſtill.

Luc. Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is ſtern, and awful as a God,
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakneſs that he never felt.

Mar.

Mar. Though ſtern and awful to the foes of *Rome*,
He is all goodneſs, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compaſſionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domeſtick tenderneſs, the beſt,
The kindeſt father! I have ever found him
Eaſy, and good, and bounteous to my wiſhes.

Luc. 'Tis his conſent alone can make us bleſt.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the ſame intricate, perplext, diſtreſs.
The cruel hand of fate, that has deſtroy'd
Thy brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament———

Mar. And ever ſhall lament, unhappy youth!

Luc. Has ſet my ſoul at large, and now I ſtand
Looſe of my Vow. But who knows *Cato*'s thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may diſpoſe of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of thyſelf?

Mar. Let him but live! commit the reſt to heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sweet are the ſlumbers of the virtuous man!
O *Marcia*, I have ſeen thy godlike father;
Some power inviſible ſupports his ſoul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing ſleep is fallen upon him:
I ſaw him ſtrecht at eaſe, his fancy loſt
In pleaſing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He ſmil'd, and cry'd, *Cæſar* thou canſt not hurt me.

Mar. His mind ſtill labours with ſome dreadful thought.

Luc. *Lucia*, why all this grief, thoſe floods of ſorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are ſafe
While *Cato* lives———his preſence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

Jub. *Lucius*, the horſemen are return'd from viewing
The number, ſtrength, and poſture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a ſhort hour's march.

On

On the high point of yon bright weſtern tower
We kenn them from afar, the ſetting ſun
Plays on their ſhining arms and burniſh'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we ſhould awake thy father.
Cæſar is ſtill diſpos'd to give us terms,
And waits at diſtance 'till he hears from *Cato.*

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks ſpeak ſomewhat of importance.
What tidings doſt thou bring? methinks I ſee
Unuſual gladneſs ſparkling in thy eyes.

Por. As I was haſting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a paſſage,
Accuſe the ling'ring winds, a ſail arrived
From *Pompey*'s ſon, who through the realms of *Spain*
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouſes the whole nation up to arms.
Were *Cato* at their head, once more might *Rome*
Aſſert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But hearkl what means that groan! O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's preſence.

Luc. Cato, amidſt his ſlumbers, thinks on *Rome,*
And in the wild diſorder of his ſoul
Mourns o'er his country.——hah! a ſecond groan!——
Heaven guard us all————

Mar. Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of one who ſleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that ſound————

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Por. O ſight of woe!
O *Marcia,* what we fear'd is come to paſs!
Cato is fallen upon his ſword————

Luc. O *Portius,*
Hide all the horrours of thy mournful tale,
And let us gueſs the reſt.

Por. I've rais'd him up,

And

And plac'd him in his chair, where pale, and faint,
He gaſps for breath, and as his life flows from him,
Demands to ſee his friends. His ſervants weeping,
Obſequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[*The back ſcene opens, and diſcovers* Cato.

Mar. O heaven aſſiſt me in this dreadful hour
To pay the laſt ſad duties to my father.

Jub. Theſe are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O *Cæſar!*

Luc. Now is *Rome* fallen indeed!——

[Cato *brought forward in his chair.*

Cato. Here ſet me down——
Portius come near me——are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their ſervice?
Whilſt I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—— O *Lucius*, art thou here?——thou art too good!—
Let this our friendſhip live between our children;
Make *Portius* happy in thy daughter *Lucia.*
Alas poor man, he weeps!—— *Marcia*, my daughter—
——O bend me forward!——*Juba* loves thee, *Marcia.*
A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* ſurviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a King,
But *Cæſar*'s arms have thrown down all diſtinction;
Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a *Roman.*——
——I'm ſick to death——O when ſhall I get looſe
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and ſorrow!
——And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing ſoul. Alas, I fear
I've been too haſty. O ye powers, that ſearch
The heart of man, and weigh his inmoſt thoughts,
If I have done amiſs, impute it not!——
The beſt may err, but you are good, and——oh! [*Dies.*

Luc. There fled the greateſt ſoul that ever warm'd
A *Roman* breaſt; O *Cato!* O my friend!
Thy will ſhall be religiouſly obſerv'd.
But let us bear this awful corps to *Cæſar*,
And lay it in his ſight, that it may ſtand

A fence

A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up *Rome* a prey to *Roman* arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the Guilty world of *Cato*'s life.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By Dr. *GARTH.*

Spoken by Mrs. *PORTER.*

WHAT odd fantaſtick things we women do!
Who would not liſten when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt;
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves——you may:
Be ſpiteful——and believe the thing we ſay,
We hate you when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourſelves would chuſe,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.

Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the power of charms;
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!

EPILOGUE.

At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Even churches are no sanctuaries now:
There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains.
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time,
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia *find a* Cato's *son.*

To

To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the

PRINCESS of *WALES*,

With the TRAGEDY of CATO. *Nov.* 1714.

THE Muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for *Britannia*'s laws,
Engag'd great *Cato* in her country's cause,
On You submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair PRINCESS, in your Off-spring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly Daughter's triumphs we presage;
Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
And pity Monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.
Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom *Albion*, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
O *England*'s younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,

Some *Carolina*, to heaven's dictate's true,
Who, while the sceptered rivals vainly sue,
They inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress:
To milder sounds each Muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to Kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new Monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And *Cæsar*'s power with *Cato*'s virtue join'd.

Mean-while, bright PRINCESS, who, with graceful ease
And native majesty, are form'd to please;
Behold those Arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!
Then shall they triumph, and the *British* stage
Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finisht heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse:
The deathless Muse with undiminisht rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:
To *Gloriana Waller*'s harp was strung;
The Queen still shines, because the Poet sung.
Even all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find;
(Content our short liv'd praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,)
Unless some Poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our son's the radiant form to prize,
And for your beauty with their father's eyes.

TO

TO

Sir *GODFREY KNELLER*,

ON HIS

PICTURE of the KING.

KNELLER, with ſilence and ſurprize
We ſee *Britannia*'s Monarch riſe,
A godlike form, by thee diſplay'd
In all the force of light and ſhade;
And, aw'd by thy deluſive hand,
As in the preſence-chamber ſtand.
The magick of thy art calls forth
His ſecret ſoul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildneſs ſhows,
His care of friends, and ſcorn of foes:
In every ſtroke, in every line,
Does ſome exalted virtue ſhine,
And *Albion*'s happineſs we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation ſhall ſurvey
Their Sov'reign, thro' his wide command,
Paſſing in progreſs o'er the land!
Each heart ſhall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding ſhouts rejoice,
Whilſt all his gracious aſpect praiſe,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

This image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And stampt on *British* coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial Sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the *Peruvian* mine.
Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, has vied
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by Monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in their robes of state array'd,
The Kings of half an age display'd.
Here swarthy *Charles* appears, and there
His Brother with dejected air:
Triumphant *Nassau* here we find,
And with him bright *Maria* join'd;
There *Anna*, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her Hero was disgrac't:
O may fam'd *Brunswick* be the last,
(Tho heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest *British* King,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
Wise *Phidias*, thus his skill to prove,
Thro' many a God advanc'd to *Jove*;
And taught the polisht rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
'Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.
Great *Pan*, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;

Old

Old *Saturn* too with up-caſt eyes
Beheld his abdicated ſkies;
And mighty *Mars*, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childleſs goddeſs roſe,
Minerva, ſtudious to compoſe
Her twiſted threads; the webb ſhe ſtrung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis the troubled ocean's Queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was ſeen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her ſhort-liv'd darling Son to mourn.
The laſt was he, whoſe thunder ſlew
The *Titan*-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their King defy'd.
This wonder of the ſculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a ſtand:
For who would hope new fame to raiſe,
Or riſque his well-eſtabliſh'd praiſe,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a GEORGE, or carv'd a *Jove!*

POEMATA.

POEMATA.

POEMATA

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU

ARMIGERO

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO,

ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,

REGI à SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, &c.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præcarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstent Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus Pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si CONGREVIUS

ille

illo tuo divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa Pax ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis Poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUÆ

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

Pax Gulielmi Auſpiciis Europæ reddita, 1697.

Poſtquam ingens clamorque virum, ſtrepituſque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aſpice, Cæſar,
Quæ tibi ſoliciti, turba importuna, Poetæ
Munera deducunt: generoſæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, ſimulachraque belli
Triſtia diffugiant: O tandem abſiſte triumphis
Expletus, penituſque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroſo milite campi
Miſcentur, ſolito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Deſertas foſſas, et caſtra minantia caſtris
Ruſticus invertit, tacita formidine luſtrans
Horroremque loci, et funeſtos ſtragibus agros.
Jamque ſuper vallum et munimina longa vireſcit
Expectata ſeges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; inſuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque ſoli, et turgentem a ſanguine meſſem.
Aſpicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum inviſens ſedem, & confuſa ruinis
Oppida, & everſos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, triſtemque laborum
Inquirit ſeriem, attonitis ut ſpectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famoſoſque Ormondi vulnere campos!
Hic, ubi ſaxa jacent diſperſo infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiſcunt divortia muris,

Vexillum

Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenſes palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparſa furit circum, et plumbi denſiſſimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetraſque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique ſaxis
Mænia diſcedunt, ſcopuliſque immane minantur
Deſuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!

Hic peſtem occultam, et fœcundas ſulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; ſubito cum clauſtra fragore
Horrendum diſrupta tonant, ſemiuſtaque membra,
Fumanteſque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.

Sic, poſtquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulſam terræ faciem, ingenteſque ruinas
Mortales ſtupuere; altum hinc mirantur abeſſe
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Oſſam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confuſaque ſaxa
Reptare, atque aliis diſcentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbraſque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo eluſi, et novitate locorum.

Nempe hic AURIACI nuper vexilla ſecutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aſpera corda, Britanni,
Germanuſque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore peruſto
Decolor admoti prodit veſtigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conſcripta per orbem
Agmina, NASSOVIQUE latus ſocialibus armis
Circumfuſa tegunt, fremituſque et murmura miſcent,
Tam vario disjuncta ſitu, tot diſſona linguis.

Te

* Honoratiſſimus D. Dominus CUTTS, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Te tamen e mediis, * Ductor Fortiſſime, turmis
Exere, Tu vitam (ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt)
Accipies, populique encomia ſera futuri,
Quem variis edoctum artes, ſtudiiſque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto ſe jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immenſos pectoris æſtus
Non jubar Arctoum, aut noſtri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua ſol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, teneriſque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generoſæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix ſuſpicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam friguſque perambulat, urſæ
Horridus exuviis, GULIELMI ingentia facta
Deſcribit ſociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vaſtos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deſerit, imperio extremum † qui ſubjicit orbem,
Indigenaſque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; ſubeunt nunc fuſa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ ſanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiſcreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Aſſurgit! quali firmat veſtigia greſſu,
Majeſtate rudi, et torvo ſpectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Inſtratus ſpoliis, vaſta ſe mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectiſque ingens ſuccederet hoſpes.
Dum pugnas, GULIELME, tuas campoſque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullat vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non

* Inſig. Dom. Chriſtoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellati Præfectis.

† Muſcoviæ Imperator.

Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
NASSOVIUM ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
NASSOVI secura tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, truceſque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.
Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, & patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis GULIELME erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et Proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem

Circumstat

Circumstat fremitu denso : Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.
Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adest, lætoque juventæ
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut Patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut Mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes.
Ille tuas, GULIELME, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine lusit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
Terga premit turmæ, & falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit; interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas
Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?
En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hispida mentiur, tortisque comantia flammis

Colla

* Celsissimus Princeps Dux Gloucestrensis.

Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela nota, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

Barometri Descriptio.

QUA penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazis, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.
Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat

Argentum

Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et, gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aer
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens Argentius humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuensque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura

Collectas

Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet Argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; everſis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviaſque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes Messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ.

SIVE,

PRÆLIUM

INTER

PYGMEOS et GRUES commiſſum.

PEnnatas acies, et lamentabile bellum
Rygeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam

Militiam

Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et triſtia bella
Pieridum labor exhauſit, verſuque ſonoro
Juſſit et æterna numerorum aſſurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graium juvenes, et torva tuentem
Theſea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem GULIELMI
Geſta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delaſſavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam ſonitum, nova caſtra ſecutus;
Exiguoſque canam pugiles, Gruibuſque maligno
Heroas, nigriſque ruentem è nubibus hoſtem.
Qua ſolis tepet ortu, primitiiſque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhoſpita ſaxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis acceſſu vireta)
Pygmeum quondam ſteterat, dum fata ſinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et aſſiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc ſi quis dura evadat per ſaxa viator,
Deſertoſque lares, et valles oſſibus albas
Exiguis videt, et veſtigia parva ſtupeſcit.
Deſolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna et ſecuro crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non ſic, dum multos ſtetit inſuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, ſi quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet ſe credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, ſumptiſque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humeriſque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæſoque epulatur in hoſte.
Sæpe improviſas mactabat, ſæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulciſci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa conſtruxerat arte,
Aut uteri poſuiſſet onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu ſpirans immane minaci
Omnia vaſtaret miles, fœtuſque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,

Cum

Cum tepido nondum maturuit hoſtis in ovo.
Hinc cauſæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virumque
Commiſſæ ſtrages, conſuſaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam ſublimi carmine vates
Luſit; ubi totam ſtrepituque armiſque paludem
Miſcuit: hic (viſu miſerabile) corpora murum
Sparſa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibuſque abſciſſo poplite ternis
Reptar humi, ſolitis nec ſeſe ſaltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæſi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam ſuper his accenſa graves exarſit in iras
Grus ſtomachans, omneſque ſimul, quas Strimonis unda,
Aut ſtagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cayſtri
Prata tenent, adſunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris deſcendit ab Iſtro,
Strageſque immenſas et vulnera cogitat abſens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et roſtrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, ſuſpenſus in alto
Aëre concuſſis exercitus obſtrepit alis,
Terræque immenſos tractus, ſemotaque longe
Æquora deſpiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et aſſiduus miſcet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella faceſſit
Impiger, inſtituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit areptis animoſus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas compoſta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibuſque frequens, et marte inſtructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias ſeſe arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majeſtate verendus
Inceſſuque gravis reliquos ſupereminet omnes

Mole

Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti!
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aera plumæ,
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Ungueſque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.

Pyg-

Pygmeadum ſævit, mediiſque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fuſa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plauſu alarum nec roſtri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum denſiſſima circum
Miſcetur pugna, et bellum omne labòrat in uno:
Cum, ſubito appulſus (ſic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis Ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triſte relatu)
Suſtulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat ſtrepitu globus undique denſus
Alituum; fruſtra Pygmæi lumine mœſto
Regem inter nubes lugent, ſolitoque minorem
Heroem aſpiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus eſcam.

Jamque recrudeſcit bellum, Grus deſuper urget
Pygmæum roſtro, atque hoſtem petit ardua morſu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is ſurſum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes ſævit in auras
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, ſolioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; ſparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque ſcopulique: flagrantia tela deorſum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vaſta Gigantum
Corpora fuſa jacent, ſemiuſtaque ſulphure fumant.

Viribus abſumptis penitus Pygmei tandem
Agmina langueſcunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculſa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Inſtant a tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.

Sic Pygmæa domus multos a dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: Nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus Regna manet, ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra tranſire nefas: ſic corruit olim
Aſſyriæ Imperium, ſic magnæ Perſidis imis
Sedibus everſum eſt, et majus utroque Latinum.

Elyſii

Elyſii valles nunc agmine luſtrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miſcetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva : aut, ſi quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, paſtores per noctis opaca puſillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore craſſos.
Dum ſecura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Anguſtoſque terit calles, virideſque per orbes
Turba levis ſalit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO delineata

Ad Altare Col. Magd. Oxon.

EGregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgenteſque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et ſimulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem viſu pompam, tu carmine Muſa
Pande novo, vatique ſacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Inſignit pictura) inhoneſto et ſimplice cultu
Veſtiit albedo, ſed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoſcat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Subſtravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque ſequacem
Per muros traxit ; velamine mœnia craſſo
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum ſtellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne ſpatio moles immenſa dehiſcat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfuſus fluitaverat æther ;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat ; crebris nunc conſitus aſtris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albeſcere tractu.

Sic, operis poſtquam luſit primordia pictor,
Dum ſordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viſcum, ſuccoſque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Alligeris muri vacat ora ſuprema miniſtris,
Sparſaque per totam cœleſtis turba tabellam
Raucos inſpirat lituos, buccaſque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis ſonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta graveſcit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima ſurgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat ſemina ſulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat.
Luxuriatur ager ſegete ſpirante, caleſcit
Omne ſolum, creſcitque virorum prodiga meſſis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ diſperſa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Senſim diriguit, ſeu ſeſe immiſcuit herbis,
Explicita eſt; molem rurſus coaleſcit in unam
Diviſum funus, ſparſos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.
Hic nondum ſpecie perfecta reſurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhoneſto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deeſt informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita inſinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fuſa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos ſpectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inſpice murum,
Qua ſedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipſe, ſereno
Lumine perfuſus, radiiſque inſperſus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor ſpirat, nitet ignis ocellis,

Plurimaque

Plurimaque effulget majeſtas numine toto.
Quantum diſſimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non ſua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed fruſtra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et ſuper æthera vectus
Deſpexit lunam exiguam, ſolemque minorem.
Jam latus effoſſum, et palmas oſtendit utraſque,
Vulnuſque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et tranſacti quondam veſtigia ferri,
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numeroſaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeſſunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hoſpite cum tumet inclnſo, et præcordia ſentit
Mota Dei ſtimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perſtringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem diſtinxit pictor, honeſto
Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque ſatellite fultam?
Agnoſco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
* Wainfletus, ſic ille oculos, ſic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
Quando alium ſimilem virtus habitura!———
Irati innocuas ſecurus numinis iras
Aſpicit, impavidoſque in Judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas ſcenam; multo hic ſtagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto ſulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falſus tanta arte accenditur ignis,

* Coll. Magd. fundator.

Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida ſerpat opus, tenueſque abſumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpiſque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex a tergo implacabile ſævit, et enſem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante ſceleſtos
Jam Paradiſeis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat triſtis? quo ſe cœleſtibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem ſuſpiria ducit
Nequicquam, et ſero in lachrymas effunditur; obſtant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus veſtigia! quanta colorum
Gratia ſe profert! tales non diſcolor Iris
Oſtendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta ſcintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ langueſcat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipſa, ſupremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

HIC, ubi graminea in latum ſeſe explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum ſolem nondum fumantia prata ſatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Deſecat, exiguam radens à ceſpite meſſem:
Tum motu aſſiduo ſaxum verſatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et ſurgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæſtram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus eſſe rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, faciliſque moveri.

Ne

Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque ſuis inciſa notis ſtat ſphæra ; ſed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuſo multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit ;
Quin alii diverſa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque ſinit procedere recto.
Poſtquam ideo in partes turbam diſtinxerat æquas
Conſilium, aut ſors ; quiſque ſuis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, quæ curſum meta futurum
Deſignat ; jactique legens veſtigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, ſphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effuſa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec ſenſim primo impete feſſo
Subſiſtat ; ſubito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparſa per orbiculum, ſtipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus ; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter ſeſe inſinuat revolubile lignum.
At ſi forte globum, qui miſit, ſpectat inertem
Serpere, et impreſſum ſubito langueſcere motum,
Pone urget ſphæræ veſtigia, et anxius inſtat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut ſegnis honos dextræ ſervetur, iniquam
Incuſat terram, ac ſurgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec riſus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium veſtigia plumbum
Allicit, et ſphæram a recto trahit inſita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, ſtrepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in ſpeciem diſtorto corpore, falſos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra ſed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nulliſque movetur ſurda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes ſummumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit curſum, abſiſtitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapſa ſupremum
Perfecit ſtadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hoſtis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere ſphæram

Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urgit :
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Eleo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingant socios, confundatque orbibus orbes,
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia.———
Si vero incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore :
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii ; plausu strepit omne viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas ;
Lenia jam zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

AD

D. D. HANNES.

INSIGNISSIMUM

MEDICUM & POETAM.

O Qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis,

Opus

Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor WILHELMI, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperîque
Præsidium haud leve, MONTACUTUS.
Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius,
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipse tuam minuas salutem.
Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:
Frustra liquores quot Chymica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant,
Serius aut citius sepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitaque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus in hospitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
(Relliquias animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis, tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem vicissim
Subjiciet libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit molestam, urgetve curas
Sponte sua satis ingruentes;
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque
Innocuis bene temperata.

Machinæ

Machinæ Gesticulantes,

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

ADmiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent.
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat; mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incedit HOMUNCIO rauca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A terro gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.

Quan

Quanquam res agitur ſolenni ſeria pompa,
Spernit ſollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et riſu importunus adeſt, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit Nympham, invitoque dat oſcula ligno
Sed comitum vulgus diverſis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario laſcivit mobile ſaltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et ſpectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidiſque ſuperbit in oſtris.
Nam, quoties feſtam celebrat ſub imagine lucem,
Ordine compoſito Nympharum incedit honeſtum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique quirites.
Pygmæos credas poſitis miteſcere bellis,
Jamque, infenſa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, teneriſque vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur ſidera cœlo,
Parvi ſubſiliunt Lemures, populuſque puſillus
Feſtivos, rediens ſua per veſtigia, gyros
Ducit, et anguſtum crebro pede pulſitat orbem.
Mane patent greſſus; hinc ſuccos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina ſurgunt
Luxuriem, teneriſque vireſcit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi ſurgunt bella, horrida bella, tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; uſque adeo inſincera voluptas
Omnibus, et miſtæ caſtigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingeſto ſulphure fœti,
Protenſæque haſtæ, fulgentaique arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes ſubeunt, dant clauſtra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ ſtridente bitumine chartæ
Confuſos reddunt crepitus, et ſibila miſcent.
Sternitur omne ſolum pereuntibus; undique cæſæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed poſtquam inſanus pugnæ deferbuit æſtus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diverſas repetunt artes, curaſque priores.

Nec

Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, Patres.
Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
TITHONUM minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos;
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

Ad Insignissimum Virum

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

Sacræ Theoriæ Telluris Autorem.

NON usitatum carminis alitem,
BURNETTE, poscis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Respuis officium camœnæ.
Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molemque cernis dissociabilem,

Terram-

Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
Utcunque stet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditor ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Supposita gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
Claudit vicissim, has inter orbis
Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellasque miratur natantes,
Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calescit spiritus ingeni!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas

Saxa

Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
BURNETTE, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem globum!
En læta vernantis Favonî
Flamina perpetuosque flores!
O pectus ingens; O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem; si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

The End of the First Volume.

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